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THERIAKI

AN ANNUAL,

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF OPIUM EATERS.

Published by

DR. S. B. COLLINS,

La Porte, Indiana.

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LA PORTE, INDIANA.

LA PORTE CHRONICLE STEAM PRINT,

1878.



DR. S. B. COLLINS'

❖ P A I N L E S S ❖

Opium Antidote.

DISCOVERED IN 1868.

The greatest of care is taken to compound the Antidote, and to cure each case in the shortest possible time. The probable length of time to effect a cure is given when it is requested. The change in the color of the Antidote is caused by the chemicals used in compounding. Every name given to testimonials or as reference, is bona fide, as any one may easily prove by correspondence. Assuring you that my Antidote is all that is claimed for it, and that I always perform a cure in the shortest possible time, I solicit your patronage. Patients sending money should remit by post-office order, registered letter, or by draft upon some one of the following cities: New York, Albany, Chicago, Indianapolis, Cincinnati or Dc oit.

Where the imprint of the Lion appears upon the label of the bottle the medicine is genuine; otherwise the medicine is a worthless imitation.

~~~~~  
OFFICE AND LABORATORY:

OPPOSITE RESIDENCE, NORTH BANK OF CLEAR LAKE,  
LA PORTE, - INDIANA.

~~~~~  
N. B.—A liberal reduction is given to each Patient upon large orders.

THE RIAKI.

AN ANNUAL,

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF OPIUM EATERS.

VOL. I.

1878.

No. I.

A DECADE OF TRIUMPH.

Ten years have now elapsed since the discovery of my Painless Cure for Opium Disease—or, as it is popularly called, the Opium Habit. This period has been a decade of triumph for the medicine. It has triumphed over the suspicious obstinacy of the ignorant, the rooted prejudices of the conservative, the distrust of the timid. The bigotry, jealousy and hostility of the “regular profession” have not arrested its progress. It has more than maintained itself against that stupid old cry and shriek of “humbug,” which is ever fiercely bellowed against every new development—especially in medical science. The clamor of slander raised to blacken the name of the discoverer, has availed nothing against either him or the discovery. It has steadily won its way against all opposition, and amid a mob of impudent pretenders who are cursing the country with vile, poisonous imitations, has finally established itself as the original, genuine and only true and sovereign cure for the most body-destroying, brain-consuming, soul-damning ill that afflicts humanity.

The statement should then be returned to the DOCTOR, and upon its receipt the price per bottle will be given, each bottle of medicine lasting thirty days.

The money must accompany each order, to insure prompt attention. No medicine sent C. O. D. without part payment.

Nothing less than one month's supply of the Antidote is ever shipped to any address, and patients should remember that when the full price of one month's supply is not sent to the DOCTOR they must invariably pay the balance to the Express agent from whom they obtain the medicine.

In all cases where it is possible, however, the patient should remit the full amount of the bill, thus saving very large charges for the return of the money—the charges in many instances being twice as great as the original bill.

When several bottles are ordered at once, the patient saves considerable expense in the way of express charges, and avoids the danger of getting out of the Antidote and thus being compelled to resort to opium.

All medicine is sent by Express and in no other manner; and, unless especially objected to by the patient, there is placed around every box a string or wire, the knot of which is securely tied, sealed and stamped.

Patients should closely examine each box, and if the string or wire should be broken, or if there should be any knot in it except the one directly under the seal; or if the seal should be broken, they should refuse to receive the box and at once notify the DOCTOR of the fact.

The words, "OPIUM HABIT CURED BY DR. S. B. COLLINS, LAPORTE, INDA.," appear blown in the glass of each and every bottle sent from the DOCTOR's Laboratory.

Each bottle is corked and sealed, and should this seal be broken the DOCTOR should be immediately notified.

These precautions have been found to be absolutely necessary to prevent imposition, and the patient should carefully remember them.

TOUCH NOT, TASTE NOT.

The chemical constitution of opium is a matter of considerable interest, both to the victims of the fearful habit, and those who in their practice prescribe this "double-edged dagger." Morphia, the chief active principle, is an alkaloid obtained by treating gum opium with ammonia and alcohol. By still further treatment with sulphuric acid, the drug known as sulphate of morphia is obtained. This is the form in which it is best known to those who have chained themselves to the ear of this Juggernaut.

In its narcotic action, sulphate of morphia is identical with the gum from which it is extracted, but, from its concentration, its sedative effect is the quicker realized, and on that account it is preferred by physicians. Like many another of nature's agents, "it is a good servant, but a terrible master." When once the habit of opium or morphine eating is fully formed, no person can describe, nor pencil paint the torments of the devotee.

Could the names be inscribed upon a monument of those who have been cast down and slain "from the days of the son of the Shunamite," by this ogre; could there be a record made of those whose cold, ghastly forms are witnesses to the fearful verdict, "Dead by their own hand," driven to desperation by this transforming Circe, Heaven itself might well shrink in horror, and the terrified inhabitants of earth cry aloud.

Still physicians daily prescribe the drug in all its forms, with reckless hardihood, hoping for impunity from its consequences. Letters from all parts of this country are pouring in upon me, invoking the dire vengeance of Heaven and a just God upon a profession who deal out this terrible poison without a hint as to the fearful consequences that may attach to its use.

The utter despair and woe of those who groan and writhe under their clanking chains is well expressed by one who writes:

Oh ! life, thou art a galling load,
A long, a rough, a weary road,
To wretches such as I.

It is not enough that adults who are of "lawful age" are entrapped into the foul den of this monster, but the mothers whose pitiable ignorance or culpable indifference are equally criminal, stupify their helpless infants and stunt both their physical and mental organisms with soothing syrups and other nostrums, whose efficacy depends on that sheet-anchor to the doctor—OPIUM.

There may be cases in which this drug, properly prescribed, like strychnia, belladonna, nux vomica, and many other virulent poisons, acts charmingly on vital action. But they should always be prescribed with the greatest caution, with a full knowledge of their effects and the precautions necessary in their use. Especially is this true in the case of Opium, which seems to mask some hideous fiend who is always seeking to devour whomsoever he may.

In closing this article, I wish to say a few words directly to my patients, calling attention to the fact that all atmospheric changes are likely to produce in you peculiar, nervous sensations, which are seldom if ever felt by one who has not suffered the torments of the fires through which you have passed. But please bear in mind that the healthiest people in the land, do not always enjoy a full flow of vigorous vitality and constant physical happiness; consequently, it is not strange that those who have become wonderfully impulsive to every change should keenly feel the action of barometrical and electrical changes. It were worse than useless to expect that after rushing down hill for years you should be able to retrace your steps without going over some rough ground and being obliged to exercise some strength of will in climbing to your former position. In addition to this, I can guarantee that you will have no suffering while undergoing the entire cure but what is easily bearable, provided you follow directions strictly. This is essential, as on this will depend the rapidity of your cure. As the poison is eliminated from your system, the nerves emerge from under the iron grasp of the fiend; the mind, rousing from its paralyzed condition, becomes clear and the brain active; all the tissues of the body assume their normal condition; you feel that you are in a new world; you can lie down and sleep the sleep of youth and infancy. The one thing over which I grieve hopelessly is, that some will not reach the haven of perfect cure. They know so much better than the doctor about what is necessary for their treatment. They experiment at the *risk of their lives*.

After the cure is perfected, there is but one safety—one hope for the hereafter. Touch not, taste not, handle not the unclean thing, for, out of over three thousand cases that I have treated in the past ten years, ninety-nine out of every hundred were made opium and morphia eaters by the prescriptions of physicians, and seventy-five per cent. of this number by the allopathic or old school practitioners. I have ever found the latter most numerous where the opium habit is most prevalent. Indeed it may be written of the allopaths and the victims of the drug, as one of old said of Deity: "If I take wings &c., and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea," thou art there. They seem to go together everywhere, like cause and effect.

Is it not high time that there should be not only State legislation, but a United States law, making it a crime, a felony, punishable by the sharpest, severest penalties, to stupidly or recklessly prescribe opium or morphia in any form?

DR. COLLINS' ANTIDOTE.

Furnishes a speedy and sure relief for the Opium Eater—a certain and a perfect cure accomplished without pain and without inconvenience.

There need be no interruption of the usual transaction of business during the treatment—the Antidote serving, for the time being, as a perfect substitute for Opium—and finally removing entirely any desire for the drug in any form.

Nor does the Antidote in any manner induce a habit of relying upon its sustaining power for a single instant after the need of Opium has disappeared.

In short:

It entirely, and without pain removes the desire for Opium in any of its numerous forms, and for any substitute for Opium whatever;

It builds up the system no matter how low it may have been brought by the use of Opium;

And, It leaves the patient as nearly as may be in the same condition as when he first took into his system the deadly poison;

It is not a *patent medicine*, but is compounded expressly for the patient for whom it is prescribed, and upon a full statement of his case;

It is not a Panacea. It is designed and adapted only for the cure of the Opium Habit, and is not represented as curing any other disease or habit;

And, It is not, in the common acceptation of that word, a Substitute for Opium—it is an *entire cure*.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

Questions regarding the Opium Antidote are constantly being asked by correspondents from all parts of the country. To avoid, as far as may be, the necessity of answering these questions in each individual case, the following questions and answers are given:

Question. Is the medicine an *Antidote*, or merely a substitute for Opium?

Answer. It is a perfect Antidote. It takes the *place* of Opium until the poison of the drug is entirely eradicated from the system.

Question. Does the use of the Antidote induce a *habit* of its use—that is, is it not substituting one habit for another?

Answer. No, it is not. The moment that the Opium is expelled from the system the necessity or desire for the Antidote ceases.

Question. How shall a patient know when he is cured?

Answer. By his being able to discontinue the use of the Antidote.

Question. Does a patient taper off by lessening the doses or their number?

Answer. Neither. A patient should take the medicine exactly as prescribed, until the Doctor advises a change.

Question. How long does it take to effect a cure?

Answer. That depends upon the amount of the drug used, the length of time it has been used, and the health of the patient. In no instance can the exact time be given.

Question. Does the Antidote have a tendency to constipate the bowels?

Answer. For a time it usually does, but after a short time the action of the bowels becomes regular and natural.

Question. Will the disease for which a patient first took Opium return upon its discontinuance and the substitution of the Antidote?

Answer. Not as a result of the use of the Antidote. The disease *may* return, but is no more likely to do so than if Morphia were still being used.

Question. If the stomach of the patient is peculiarly weak and sensitive, will any difficulty be experienced in taking the Antidote?

Answer. No. The patient has only to state the fact to the Doctor and the medicine will be compounded with a view to avoid the difficulty.

Question. If the Antidote should not sustain the patient, should the doses be increased? or should a little Opium be used?

Answer. When a correct statement is given, the Antidote will not fail to perfectly sustain the system. No Opium should be used, and the doses should never be increased.

When the Antidote does not sustain, the patient may rest assured that he has made some error in his statement, and should discontinue the Antidote and write at once to the Doctor.

Question. Does the price given per month include anything but the Antidote?

Answer. It includes an amount of the Antidote sufficient to last the patient *one month*, when directions are followed. In case the patient should need a prescription or advice during the treatment no extra charge whatever is made.

Question. Is any medicine sent out upon trial?

Answer. No. The merit of the medicine is no longer an experiment, but an indisputable fact, and too much time would be consumed in sending samples.

No less amount than one month's supply is ever compounded, and in all cases when five dollars are sent with an order for medicine, a full month's supply will be forwarded, the balance to be collected on delivery.

STORY OF FIFTY-TWO PRAYER-MEETINGS.

"To be sure," said I to myself, one year ago, the last week in December; "to be sure, this is the evening of our church prayer-meeting, but, as I have not been much this year, it is scarcely worth while to begin now. I'll just wait until next week, and then begin the year right, and go all the time."

Well, it so happened that the first evening of the year fell upon the evening of the regular prayer-meeting, and there was none. The next evening we had company. Of course, although I wanted to go, I couldn't. The next week my neighbor and particular friend, Mrs. Lamb, gave a party. Now, Mrs. Lamb is a member of our church, and most undeniably did wrong; but then she is a very dear friend of mine, and I can go to prayer-meeting every week in the year, but it is not every week that I can accept an invitation from Mrs. Lamb; therefore, sorry as I was, I felt that I must go to the party. The next week Miss Kellogg was here. Now, I work pretty hard, and am fond of music, and I need some entertainment, and I really felt it my duty to go there, for Miss Kellogg does not sing every week. You see I was at least excusable. The next week it snowed; the next it rained; the next it was terribly cold; and the next it was warm and thawing, and so wet under foot. The next week Gough lectured, and as I can go to prayer-meeting every week, I thought that I might just for once go to hear Mr. Gough. The next week I had a headache; the next a dressmaker; and the next, which was the twelfth, a very hard cold. So you see I could not go any the first quarter. The following week it was very dark, and I had no company. The fourteenth I was going, but just as I was about to start I heard that our beloved pastor was away and that Deacon Quickest would lead the meeting. Now, I don't like Deacon Quickest. He was so unkind as to say, on one occasion, that he believed that if I would make an effort I might get out to prayer-meeting; as if I were not constantly making an effort, and he ought to know that I always go when it is at all consistent. He would better remember that "charity covers a multitude of sins." I am sometimes obliged to be absent from prayer-meeting, but I do not talk about my neighbors. As Deacon Q. was going to lead the meeting, I did not feel it my duty to go. The next week, I will confess, I forgot it until it was too late. The next week I started, but was so vexed to find that my time was too slow, and I was again late. The sixteenth I did not feel at all well, and the next I

was to visit a sick friend. . You know it is as much our duty to visit the sick as to attend meetings. The next week, unfortunately, there was a wedding in one of the other churches, to which I received an admission card; and as I could go to prayer-meeting every week, and particularly as the bride's dress was said to be very elegant—the train at least four yards long—I just thought I would go to the wedding. The next week I was very tired; it was our house-cleaning, and Bridget took it into her head to take this time of all others to get the ague; and then the week after that, it was too warm to wear my hood, and my new hat was not trimmed. For the next two months I was out of town, and I never enjoy going to social meetings where I am a stranger, and so I did not think it best to go. The first two weeks after I returned from my summer tour I was altogether too tired. One's health is of the first importance. The next Wednesday, which was the thirty-fourth of the year, was a happy day for me. Nothing interfered with my regular and established plans, and I went to prayer-meeting. How pleasant it was! I really think Mrs. Lamb ought to make an effort to go. I mean to speak to her about it. The thirty-fifth week my poor cousin wished me to stay at home with her; she was disappointed about going out herself, and she said as I went out last week she really thought I might. As I did not wish to seem ill-natured, of course I could not refuse; do you think I could? The thirty-seventh, thunder again. I often wonder that Providence should interfere in this way with what really seems to be our duty. The thirty-eight it was excessively warm, and the thirty-ninth was the only evening in the week when my regular dressmaker could fit my dress. The fortieth week there was to be a Bible agent, or something of that sort, and I hate agents. The forty-first there was a festival in another church, and as I am not sectarian at all, and think it our duty to help one another, I thought I ought to go there. The next week I stayed at home to write to my dear mother. I went riding the night before, and had an invitation to the theater the next night, and was so obliged to take this night for my letter, though I was sorry. The following week I was obliged to stay at home to finish tatting a tidy I was making for the orphan fair. Surely the orphans must not be neglected; and the next week I was at the fair. I should have gone to the meeting, but they had put me on a committee quite against my wish; and the next week I was suffering from a severe cold, which I had contracted while working at the orphans fair. The forty-sixth I was rather obliged to go to another party, although I am principled against such things generally. But, if people will give parties on such nights, what can a person do? The forty-seventh, most unluckily, occurred on the evening of my birth-day. I could not help

that, of course, and a person's birth-day only comes once a year, and you can go to prayer-meeting any time. So we thought it right to be social, and we invited a few particular friends. One gets dropped out of society very soon if his invitations are not returned, and I have often heard ministers say that our social duties are quite as binding as our religious ones, or at least something to that effect. The next week I started, but at the gate I met my dear young friend, who is just getting ready to be married, and she was so anxious I should go with her, to give some orders respecting her wedding hat, that I could not refuse, particularly when she would not trust any one's taste and judgment but mine. Besides as she will only be married once, (at least unless John should die), I suppose it was my duty to go with her. The following week I was just as busy as I could be, for we had decided to have a Christmas tree, and I was getting ready for it. I fully resolved to go after Christmas. Well, the last week of the year had gone. I was tired and blue, and did not feel like going out, and it did seem to me that I had better wait for the New Year again, and then go all the time. But you see I really intended to do so this year; and Mrs. Lamb says she has heard our minister say that God would give us credit for our really good intentions, and that is a great comfort. I am sure, and much more charitable and sensible than that other really profane remark, which I have heard vulgar people quote from some old-fashioned fellow, that "The way to hell is paved with good intentions."

—*Packard's Monthly.*

the use of the antidote. I have not taken a particle of morphia since taking the first dose of your medicine.

Yours with due respect,

MRS. D. B. ALGER.

DR. COLLINS AS A BENEFACTOR.

SOUTHEAST CORNER TENTH AND ADAMS STS., }
SPRINGFIELD, ILL., Sept. 18, 1877. }

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Indiana:

My Dear Benefactor:—In delaying to reply to your recent letter, my apology is that I was absent from home. The last bottle you sent me was stamped “May 4th, 1877.” This I made last me till July 10th, since which time I have taken nothing, and may say that I am cured of the “Opium Habit.” My health seems good, except a great proneness to contract cold and a throat wheezing. Strange, too, I am fully 25 pounds lighter than when I was daily using from 10 to 12 grains of morphia. The greatest trouble I have to encounter is that I cannot get sleep enough after lying awake until two and three o’clock in the morning. Fatigue will not induce sleep with me.

Doctor, I will write you more at length, shortly. In the interim, please let me know if there is anything I can do for you. My wife and children join with me in thanks to you for your skill and your generosity to me. May God reward you here and hereafter, for your charity to

Your grateful friend,

LAWRENCE H. HUDSON.

“ A PERFECT CURE.”

PHILADELPHIA, PA., August 15, 1877.

DR. S. B. COLLINS:

Dear Sir:— * ** I am glad to state to you that I feel pretty sure that eight bottles of your antidote have made a perfect cure in my case. I have still about a quarter of a bottle left. For the last month or so I took one or two doses a day, then one dose, and now none at all. * *

Yours respectfully,

JOHN S. GIBSON, box 1848.

“ LOOKS LIKE A DIFFERENT MAN.”

July 1, 1877.

DR. S. B. COLLINS:

Dear Sir:—I am in receipt of your letter of June 21st, and in reply will state that I am cured of the Opium Habit by your antidote, which I commenced two years ago the 9th of the present month. I have not used a particle of opium or morphia since. You know I had but three bottles. The medicine sustained me perfectly while it lasted, but I ought to have had one bottle more, as for three months, I was very feeble. But I am all right now. When I commenced on your antidote my

weight was 135 pounds; now it is nearly 200, and my appetite and digestion good, I thank God I was induced to try your remedy. I am cured of the Opium Habit, and look like a different man. You can use this for your benefit.

JAMES CHASE,

Ischua, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y.

TWO CURES IN ARKANSAS.

ATKINS, ARK., July 4, 1877.

DR. S. B. COLLINS:

Dear Sir:— * ** You may depend upon it, your antidote cured me. The two bottles were all I used. I think you will get more orders from this part of the country the coming winter.

Adam Cloninger is cured—does not taste opium. * * *

Your friend,

A. P. SCARLETT.

MAN OVER 70 YEARS OF AGE, CURED.

FLORENCE, ALA., June 30, 1877.

Dear Sir:—I am still improving. Have been entirely cured by your antidote. Am a man of over 70 years of age, and had used opium over twenty-five years.

With much respect,

GEO. W. FOSTER.

“PERFECTLY AND ENTIRELY CURED.”

NEWARK, OHIO, June 4, 1877.

DR. S. B. COLLINS:

Dear Sir:—Yours of May 8th was received in due time, and should have been answered before this.

I will say in reply that your good medicine has perfectly and entirely cured me of the Opium Habit.

It is now four months since I quit its use, and my health is much better than I expected. I shall always bless the day I first saw the announcement of your opium cure.

Accept my heart-felt thanks for the interest you manifested in my case while under your treatment.

Yours with respect,

MRS. L. N. LOTT.

“THOROUGHLY CURED.”

CORRECTIONVILLE, IOWA, May 2, 1877.

DR. S. B. COLLINS:

Dear Sir:—In reply to yours of the 18th, I will say that, after having used morphia about eight years, I procured your antidote, and after taking nine bottles was thoroughly cured; so that since the discontinuance of the antidote—about three years ago—I have had no desire whatever

for opium, and have also enjoyed better health than for many years before.

Please send some of your magazines, as I have given away all of mine.

Yours truly,

SARAH J. SARGENT.

THE HABIT OF FORTY YEARS STANDING CURED.

DWIGHT, LIVINGSTON Co., ILL., Dec. 26, 1876.

DR. S. B. COLLINS:

Sir:—I was somewhat surprised to receive a letter from you, as I supposed the correspondence had ceased as to my case, when I wrote you I considered myself cured. I am to this day cured. I never think of opium with a wish to take it, and my health is better than it has been for years; bowels in better condition, sleep better, and feel better every way.

One strong evidence to me that I am permanently cured is this: I had a terrible swelling on my leg last September—a year from the time I took my last dose of opium. The suffering was horrible. I did not call a physician, for I will not take their prescriptions, but I did take a bit of opium, the size of a pin head, for a little over a week. It was enough. It is true I did fear the consequences, but, when the pain ceased, I had no trouble in doing without the drug.

Now, I will say to everyone your medicine is no humbug. I believe it will cure every one, who will try it according to directions. I can testify it has cured me of the habit of forty year's standing. I am now just as clear of it as if I had never taken it in my life, for which I thank God daily, and yourself as the means of my deliverance.

I am willing to answer letters from any one wishing information touching my case, if he or she will write so I can read it.

For further evidence of the efficiency of your medicine, I would refer to Mrs. Belinda Wilson, of Sandwich, this State, as hers was the case that decided me to apply to you. It was a permanent cure.

I will say to every opium eater, be on your guard against those mixtures advertised in the newspapers. They are not safe. But Dr. S. B. Collins' medicine is a sure and certain cure.

Yours truly, with respect,

AMY R. GREEN.

BABY BOY CURED IN SIX WEEKS.

LAFAYETTE, IND., Dec. 15, 1876.

Dear Sir:—Your letter dated Dec. 13th, came to hand this morning, and in reply would say that I never was an opium eater, never was a patient of yours, and this is the first letter I ever wrote you in my life. But I think I can explain to you your mistake. My mother wrote you in regard to my baby boy, with a full description of his mother's condition, and the amount of morphia she had been taking for years before

the child was born. My mother ordered a bottle for my baby boy and it came very near curing him. She then sent for another bottle, and, when the second bottle was half gone, the child was cured. Language fails to express my thanks to you for I am satisfied that without it he would not have lived one year. He was entirely cured in just six weeks from the time the first dose was taken.

Truly yours, T. M. WORTHINGTON.

P. S.—You cannot make the testimonial in regard to my baby so strong that I would not sign it for, as I have said, *you saved his life.*

T. M. W.

“PROVIDENTIALLY DIRECTED.”

PARKERSBURG, WEST VA., 25th July, 1876.

Be it known to all the slaves to the use of opium, as a habit, that being providentially directed to Dr. S. B. Collins, LaPorte, Indiana, after its use for about nine years, I sought the Doctor's antidote, and, by the use of three bottles, find myself entirely cured of the dreadful habit.

A. G. PICKETT.

(Now of Grafton, West Va.)

P. S.—Took eight grains opium per day.

“ONE OF THE GREATEST MEDICINES.”

PORTSMOUTH, VA., July 13, 1876.

DR. S. B. COLLINS:

Dear Sir:—* * * * * It is needless for me, at this late date, to say anything in regard to the efficiency of your antidote, for enough has already been said by those who were as fortunate as myself. But I can testify from my own experience that it is one of the greatest medicines ever invented by man. Had I not been able to get the antidote, I could not have survived the effects of the poisonous drug (morphia) three months longer, for all strength of body and mind had entirely left me. I had taken morphia (hypodermically) over twelve months. Now, I am happy to say, I am entirely cured of the dreadful habit, and enjoy better health than at any time in the past four years. I took, in all, about nine and a half bottles of the medicine, and am now entirely free from its use, as well as that of the morphia.

In vindication of the antidote, I will say that I think it would have effected a cure sooner if I had followed directions more closely; for I tried to reduce the amount to two doses per day on the eighth bottle, but I soon found it would not have the desired effect. My advice, therefore, to all who are taking the medicine, is to follow directions very closely, and they will find it to their benefit. It is now eighteen months since I stopped the use of the antidote, and I am confident the cure is permanent, for I have no desire for morphia in any form.

If any one should wish to correspond with me in regard to my cure, I will most cheerfully answer any question, and give all the information in my power concerning the action of the medicine in my case.

Thanking you for the many favors you have conferred upon me, and the great good you have done me.

I remain very respectfully yours,

C. H. WILLIAMS.

"WILL CURE ANY ONE THAT WILL FOLLOW DIRECTIONS."

MOULTON, ALA., June, 1877.

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Indiana:

Doctor:—You have cured me of the disease of opium eating, with a little less than three bottles of your antidote. I had used the drug about three years—about one ounce per month. You can cure any one that will follow your directions. As I don't see any certificate from right around here you may use this as you wish.

Yours, respectfully,

J. J. GIBSON.

A SLAVE FOR NEARLY EIGHT YEARS.

McKEAN, ERIE CO., PA., April 11, 1876.

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Indiana:

Dear Sir:—Hoping some more sufferers may be benefited by your antidote, as I have been, I write you this. I had been a slave to the terrible drug, morphia, for nearly eight years; my health was very poor. I heard of your antidote, of which I ordered and took eleven bottles. I have not taken any morphine since August last, and I call myself cured. Am regaining my health.

Yours truly,

MARY EBENHOUSE.

Took four grains morphia per day.

"THIS GREAT BLESSING."

JERSEY, OHIO, January 3, 1877.

DR. S. B. COLLINS:

Dear Sir:—I feel that I owe you an apology for not sooner writing to inform you of my happiness in being freed from the *great trouble* that was "ever before me." It is now nearly a year since I took the *last dose* of the antidote. But not the last of *it*. I determined to quit taking it, with some of it by me.

My general health is much better. I have the appearance of one quite hale, though I think I have not fully recovered my strength. This, I presume, is not unusual, especially in one naturally delicate. I do thank God, the giver of all good, for this great blessing that he has given it to you to discover the remedy for this sore evil. I do feel I never can be sufficiently grateful for all your remedy has done for me, and earnestly hope that all who learn of it may be induced to test its merits.

Hoping that the blessings of God may ever attend you, I remain sincerely and gratefully

Yours,

JENNIE D. BRACKEN.

ANOTHER WONDERFUL CURE.

DANVILLE, IOWA, January 3, 1876.

DR. S. B. COLLINS:

Dear Sir:—I write to let you know of the wonderful cure of my wife, Barbara Whisler, of the Opium Habit, by your antidote. She quit on

the fourth bottle, but she suffered a good deal for a week. She ought really to have had one bottle more to quit on, but she conquered. I wish you could have seen her when she commenced on your medicine, and then see her now. I cannot describe to you the great change. She now takes her three meals per day, complains of nothing, and is getting fleshy. She once could span her arm above the elbow with her thumb and fore-finger; now she cannot span it with her whole hand. * * * I wish I could make known your antidote to every opium eater in the land, I would gladly do it. If you can shape a certificate out of what I have written in reference to your medicine, do so. You cannot make it too strong for us.

JOHN WHISLER.
BARBARA WHISLER.

“SAVED ME FROM DEATH FROM OPIUM POISON.”

BRISTOL, VERMONT, January 1, 1876.

DR. S. B. COLLINS:

Dear Sir :—Please pardon me for my long delay in giving to the public notice of my cure, through your antidote.

Before knowing of your medicine, I had been a devotee to that life-destroying poison, opium, for ten or twelve years, and had become very much alarmed at my terrible condition. I had tried my will-power thoroughly against the accursed and damnable drug, but in vain, and I considered my case hopeless indeed.

I saw a letter in a Rutland paper, from an East Wallingford correspondent, stating that he had been cured of the Opium Habit by an antidote made by Dr. S. B. Collins of LaPorte, Indiana. I had little faith in curing opium disease with any kind of medicine known to man; but I wrote the writer touching the antidote spoken of. He answered my letter, begging me to send for the medicine. I consulted with the physicians hereabouts in regard to getting cured of the habit, and they discouraged me. So I gave the matter up, and concluded to live as long as I could in opium slavery and kept on a year or more in the same old misery, all the while being affected badly in constitution and mind. At the end of a year or so, I determined to leave off the habit or die, and at the same time decided to send for a bottle of your antidote and see what effect it would have upon me. I did so, and received a bottle about the middle of May, 1874. I took my first dose Sunday morning, May 18th. Since that date, I have not knowingly taken a *narcotic* of any description, nor have I ever craved any. Seven bottles cured me, though I was full of the cursed poison. My usual weight, when eating opium, was 140 to 145 pounds. I now weigh 170 pounds, and my health is extremely good, even as in my boyhood days.

I can say this to the public: Dr. S. B. Collins' Opium Antidote cured me, and saved me from death from opium poison. And I entreat all who are afflicted with the hellish habit to send without delay for his medicine, follow directions, and you will once more become human beings.

JAMES WHITNEY.

P. S.—Add all you please to my testimonial that will help you and do the world good.

J. W.

THE CURE IS PERMANENT.

FRANKLINVILLE, N. Y., Dec. 30, 1875.

DR. S. B. COLLINS:

Dear Sir—Frequent inquiries are made of me by those wishing to know if the cure performed by you is permanent. I answer, it is. I commenced taking the antidote the 27th of February, 1875, after using opium for nearly thirty years, at the rate of one ounce in five days. I have taken two bottles of your medicine and am cured. I have not used opium in any form since the 27th of February, 1875, nor had any desire to do so. I weighed, when I commenced on your antidote, 152 pounds. I now weigh 183 pounds.

Yours truly,

DAVID McCCLURE.

“WONDERFUL REMEDY.”

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Sept. 6, 1874.

Dr. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Indiana:

I wish to write you a few lines in acknowledgement of my thankfulness to you in saving me, through your antidote, from a premature grave.

About fourteen years ago I met with an accident, resulting in serious bodily injury. The great suffering from the hurt caused me to become a confirmed morphine eater, the quantity being increased through twelve years, until I used six grains per day. The result was I was barely able to live a poor miserable life, reduced in flesh to a mere skeleton, with deranged stomach and bowels, pain in the head, pain in the limbs, pain in the bones—in fact distress all over; poor appetite, restless nights; no sleep at all without morphia, and when I did sleep, oh! what awful dreams!

In this condition, I learned of Dr. Collins and his remedy, the first encouragement or hope I had ever received, though I had consulted with a number of eminent physicians. I wrote to Dr. Collins and commenced taking treatment, and I must say that, from the first dose, I had no desire for morphine. In a short time I began to feel better, my appetite was improved, I rested better of nights, and in a month or two my countenance began to change. My friends would say, “You are looking much better.” I should also add here that I have been able to attend to my business ever since I commenced on the antidote, and to-day am free from all those terrible pains and aches and awful dreams. My face has resumed its natural expression, my weight has increased fifteen pounds, in fact my general health was never better in my life.

I took my last dose of medicine about a month ago, and have part of a bottle left. I thank God that I feel and believe that I am entirely and permanently cured of the morphine habit, and the credit is due Dr. Collins and his wonderful remedy.

And now, Doctor, please accept my sincere thanks, for through your kindness in promptly furnishing me the antidote, together with your advice, I feel I have a new lease of life. My sincere prayer to the All-wise Ruler is that your life of usefulness may be prolonged, that many unfortunate sufferers, like myself, may be redeemed from the terrible habit.

I remain as ever your friend,

E. H. SPALDING.

PRESCRIPTIONS.

The following prescriptions will be found to be of great advantage to patients and should be carefully preserved.

It will be seen that they are numbered, and will often be prescribed *by number*:

No. 1.—FOR SEVERE WOUNDS.

Apply brown sugar and bandage tightly; then apply the tincture of camphor, thoroughly saturating the sugar. Let this remain for two or three days, keeping the bandage wet with camphor; then remove, cleanse the wound with castile soap and warm water, and repeat if necessary.

No. 2.—FOR EAR-ACHE AND NEURALGIA.

A few drops of Fluid Extract Gelsemium dropped into the ear, will usually give relief in cases of ear-ache.

For Neuralgia, apply the parts affected, externally, every hour until relieved.

No. 3.—FOR BILIOUS COLIC AND FLATULENCY.

Sulphate Quinia.....	grs. xx.
Dioscorea.....	" x.

Mix. Make into 10 powders, and take one powder every thirty minutes, until relieved.

No. 4.—CATHARTIC.

Fluid Ext. Mandrake.....	ʒ I,
" " Senna.....	ʒ I,
Culver Root.....	ʒ VI,
Simple Syrup.....	ʒ V.

Dose—From thirty drops to one teaspoonful just before retiring.

No. 5.—NERVE TONIC.

Fluid Extract Pleurisy Root.....	ʒ II,
" " Valerian.....	ʒ II,
" " Hops.....	ʒ ss,
Tinct. Capsicum.....	ʒ ss,
Rhubarb Wine.....	ʒ IV.

Mix. Dose—one teaspoonful three or four times per day.

No. 6.—FOR BURNS, BRUISES, ETC.

Oil Organum.....	ʒ II,
" Cedar	ʒ I,
" Hemlock	ʒ I,
" Sassafras	ʒ I,
Spirits Turpentine.....	ʒ II,
" Ammonia.....	ʒ II,
Alcohol.....	ʒ VI.

Mix. Apply to parts affected.

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Dioscoria.....	" x.

Mix. Make into 10 powders, and take one powder every thirty minutes, until relieved.

No. 4.—CATHARTIC.

Fluid Ext. Mandrake.....	ʒ I,
" " Senna.....	ʒ I,
Culver Root.....	ʒ VI,
Simple Syrup.....	ʒ V.

Dose—From thirty drops to one teaspoonful just before retiring.

No. 5.—NERVE TONIC.

Fluid Extract Pleurisy Root.....	ʒ II,
" " Valerian.....	ʒ II,
" " Hops.....	ʒ ss,
Tinct. Capsicum.....	ʒ ss,
Rhubarb Wine.....	ʒ IV.

Mix. Dose—one teaspoonful three or four times per day.

No. 6.—FOR BURNS, BRUISES, ETC.

Oil Organum.....	ʒ II,
" Cedar	ʒ I,
" Hemlock	ʒ I,
" Sassafras	ʒ I,
Spirits Turpentine.....	ʒ II,
" Ammonia.....	ʒ II,
Alcohol.....	ʒ VI.

Mix. Apply to parts affected.

No. 7.—FOR COUGHS.

Fluid Extract	Hops.....	ʒss,
" "	Lettuce.....	ʒIII,
" "	Skull Cap.....	ʒI,
" "	Ipecac	ʒI,
" "	Squills	ʒI,
" "	Lobelia	ʒss,
" "	Bloodroot.....	ʒss,
Tincture Tolu.....		ʒI,
" Sassafras		ʒI,
Simple Syrup.....		OII.

Dose—Ten to sixty drops every thirty or forty minutes.

No. 8.—CATHARTIC.

Podophyllin	grs. II,
Leptandrin	" V,

Mix. Make into eight powders. Dose—one powder on retiring, as occasion may require.

No. 9.—CATHARTIC.

Fluid Extract	Mandrake.....	ʒI,
" "	Blue Flag.....	ʒII,
" "	Leptandrin	ʒI,

Mix. Dose—from one-half to one teaspoonful upon retiring.

No. 10.—FOR NERVOUSNESS.

Potassa Bromide.....	ʒVI,
Ammonia Bromide.....	ʒII,
Potassa Bicarb	grs. XV,
Aqua	ʒIII,
Tincture Columbo	ʒI SS.

Mix. Dose—one teaspoonful three times per day.

No. 11.—TONIC.

Quinine	ʒss,
Arom. Sulph. Acid.....	Gtts. XX,
Dioscorea.....	ʒss,
Tincture Capsicum	ʒI,
Aqua.....	O I.

Dose—one tablespoonful three or four times per day.

NEUTRALIZING CORDIAL.

Mothers, give the following to your children instead of soothing syrup or opium:

Fluid Extract Rhubarb, two ounces,
Tincture Peppermint, one ounce,
Saleratus, one ounce.

Add two pints of boiling water, two pints of Simple Syrup, six ounces of Brandy.

Dose for babes—From five to thirty drops, every fifteen or twenty minutes, until relieved. Dose for adults—one or two tablespoonfuls every quarter, half, or one or two hours, according to symptoms.

Use:—This is one of the most valuable preparations known for cholera morbus, cholera infantum, or summer complaint of children, diarrhoea, dysentery, etc. Its operation and action appear to be a specific, if not infallible. It is excellent for pregnant women, to allay sickness and regulate the bowels.

TRICKS OF MEDICINE.

BY WILLIAM HOPE DAVIS, M. D.

It is a common saying that "every trade has its tricks but ours." Many physicians of the good Samaritan persuasion will tell you "they have no tricks." All they do is "perfectly honest." But I tell you, and truthfully too, the greatest humbugs succeed the best as a general rule, while not unfrequently the best and most philosophical and thoughtful physician is neglected, slighted, and passed by.

A good man will always be candid with people. He will speak the truth to them in regard to their ailments. He is clear of flattery where honor is at stake.

The world likes deception, and is prone to court the favor of those who they think are likely to hide their true condition. The man that is best accomplished in these things seems to prosper best. It is human nature to dislike reproof, and to shun those who tell us of our faults, but when this is the case "we are not wise." We do ourselves a great wrong:

In one sense "tricks" are necessary, but the way they are mostly practiced is wrong and contemptible. Tricks sometimes played on a diseased mind are of importance and for the benefit of the patients.

Again, physicians have all the peculiarities of a thousand different individuals to overcome, and have sometimes to resort to innocent "tricks" for their benefit. The good Samaritan has "tricks," if he has medicine at all, and it will ever remain so until "medicine" shall become as certain as mathematics, and so near like business that people calculate to pay for what they get. There is a kind of good Samaritan doctors in the world that are a curse to mankind. I allude to that class of men who are always crying out, "Oh, I do not practice medicine for money, only to relieve mankind." Such men need watching. They are the first to take advantage of helpless ignorance, and slander their fellow physicians. You can hear them say, when they happen to be called to a patient, after another physician has given him up, "If only I had been called here a little sooner, I could have saved him." Such men are of the most contemptible kind, and deserve kicking out of the community for their meanness. There is another kind of "tricks," practiced mostly among "religious" doctors, who upon the least opportunity

practice a long prayer, or tell a few ghost stories, or how Mr. A. died, or how poor widow B. recovered after seeing "the spirit" of a good sister. These are "tricks" to gain a certain end, namely, to help a worthless doctor make a dishonest living.

It would seem upon first thought that science had no need of tricks, but it must be remembered that all people are not "scientific." What would be science to one would be tricks to another; so until mankind shall be more conversant with the whole system of medicine, (which is not probable,) "tricks" will be practiced. It is much to be regretted that physicians are not all honest, so that we need not watch those that practice dishonest "tricks."

How often I have had "tricks" played on myself in the last dozen years I am not able to tell, but sufficiently often to cause me to look with suspicion on humanity as now developed among medical gentlemen. One of the ways that have been taken to accomplish this foul meanness, has made me wish a thousand times that one medicine enumerated in the "Materia Medica" was forever banished from use. I speak of opium and its salts. It has been the means of putting more people in an untimely grave than all the calomel or arsenic that was ever "dug up."

People do not like pain. "They will do anything rather than suffer pain." You have a patient that you could cure easily in eight or ten hours in a legitimate and scientific manner. You prescribe; the pain is not immediately "cured;" another is called as soon as your back is turned. He tells the patient he "is very sick, but I think I can relieve you, and finally cure you, and if that other doctor had known his business he could have cured you."

The new comer now gives a full dose of morphine. The patient is happy. The friends think the doctor is a wonderfully wise man, and congratulate him on his success. But the patient is not cured, is worse, much "worse." The pain is relieved to be sure, but the system was deranged at first, and now is doubly so. What it would have only taken hours to cure will now take days. But it is a "trick." The doctor could have got two or three dollars to cure at first, now he can get ten or twenty dollars and more. Oh, my dear doctor, the poor people "pay too much for the whistle."

DEBBY ANN.

"What is the reason you're forever tired?" said Debby Ann this morning, to Laura, as that damsel came down languidly late to breakfast.

You know Debby Ann, the mainspring of our establishment? Dating with the century, alert and brisk as ever she was at twenty years; suns may set and stars may wane; daughters come and go; boys marry, or come back from afar, bringing their sheaves with them; the dead are carried out; the babies are brought to the old house to be tossed and shown off in her proud arms, through all the sparkle and the shifting scene, the sorrow and the deep exceeding joy, he stays, the very anchorage of our home.

By no ties of blood is she a kin to us, but by the—How shall I translate it into modern speech which knows not such relations? "Our grandmother brought her up." It is the simple service of the olden time, knit by sixty years of mutual love and helpfulness into a nearer and dearer tie. Now the acknowledged head and arbiter of the household, she combines the devotion of a mother with the sagacious criticism of an aunt. Fighting out battles with butcher and baker, charging fearlessly on platoons of Irish and colored help for their short-comings in our service, she does not spare us in our short-comings either, if we fail to reach the lofty standard of old.

That standard briefly expressed is this: that men are superior beings, coming home tired at night, and to be petted and worshiped from that hour till they start out again next morning to their welfare with the world; that a woman that is good for any thing is good for a great deal. There is nothing in the mechanics of the household, from driving a nail, papering a room, even into the deep mysteries of gas-meters, hot-water pipes, drains, and furnace draughts, that she, Debby Ann, does not understand as well as any man. Consequently there is no excuse for other women, who pretend to keep house, sitting helpless as babies when any thing goes wrong, and sending out for some impudent workman to come in and "muss up every thing."

What modified views of woman's mission have come to the women of our household in witnessing the daily life of Debby Ann, with its supreme faculty, together with her profound reverence for man, in the abstract, as a power, will be known perhaps at that great day when women shall cast in their votes.

Her effect on the masculines of the family is simply this: if ever the great house-cleaning shall come in national politics when cellars and vaults shall be thrown open to the sun creeping things brought to light, and foul things swept away; when the woman's broom shall bring down

many an ancient cobweb, and clear many a dim and grimy pane, then we know whom *we* shall vote for for President of these United States, spite of her seventy years!

So I listen—as which of us would not?—to the question slightly spiced with sarcasm in its tone, “What’s the reason, Laura, that you are forever tired?”

“It is the heavy skirts, I think, Debby Ann,” says the young lady’s mamma, coming to the rescue, and herself scarcely suppressing a yawn.

“Your grandmother always wore jackets to her skirts, and made ‘em for me,” was the instant response.

Upon inquiry I find that they all did, those women of old, hang their skirts to their shoulders instead of their hips, which cross examination divulgeth is the mode in the modern attire.

Do you remember the good mother’s bag in the fortunes of the *Family Robinson*? a sound old book, quite crowded out of sight by the cheap sensation and slang of the boy bullies now starring it in school libraries. The resources of that homely bag, stored by a mother’s foresight and sympathy were astonishing. Put your hand into it for whatever you wanted, and lo! it was there. My faith in Debby Ann is simply that of a swiss pastor in a bag. So I draw at a venture as I take my third cup of coffee from the outstretched hand.

She made that coffee; every drop of its amber is sparkling and clear. “Let an Irish girl make coffee! Boil it to death? Catch her at it!” And she resolutely brings it to the table in its shining *cafe-tiere* of block-tin, “ ‘cause it spoils it, your grandmother always said to pour it out.”

After a few futile struggles of *less-majeste* in favor of a natty silver urn, one of her shining wedding presents, my spouse, acquiescing long ago, is not only convinced, but converted to the wisdom of the old world way.

“Debby Ann,” I ask, abruptly, “you were’n’t a tired young girl, were you?”

“Bless you! Never had the time; never knew it if I was! You see, I was tomboy when I was young. I went to school with the boys, and out of school I played with them just as rough. I had my work to do afore I went, but when I came home from school I would tear off instead of sitting down to sample-work as your grandmother bade me. She and I’s had many a bout over that sampler. I used to hide it in all sorts of places, and she found it regular, weren’t many corners in her household she didn’t look into every day. At last I popped it in to the big dictionary, and it lay there safe for years. She had such a raft of boys, you know, the house was never quiet; and I couldn’t for the life of me sit down and sew when there was snow-balling or wasp-fights going on outside. But I did my work afore!”

And Debby Ann drew herself up erect and glowered at Laura, whose daily duty it is to trail gracefully with a coquettish feather, brush over the books and pictures in the drawing-room, and who now, at 9 a. m.,

had just made her morning toilet, with the labors of the day still before her.

"But you did learn to sew, through it all?" said my wife, with a swift conscience for the piles of neat mending forwarded to each room of the house by Thursday noon.

"Oh yes; your grandmother gave me a trade—they always did—and I chose tailoring. When it was work you know, to make your living by, that's another thing. But I never could abide sewing to play!"

Another slap. This time at the white lillies on the royal purple ground, over which Miss Laura spends many brisk hours, softly humming to herself the "Bride-maid's Chorus," from *Lohengrin*. It is for the young rector's study fire, when all is done; and that clerical Adonie certainly has a fair and blushing cheek, like a girl's—like Laura's just now.

My wife stirs her coffee, somewhat uneasily too, for is there not a Persian rug, the very carpet of Prince Peribanon for aught I know, growing into wondrous device and glow of color under her gentle hands? I wouldn't care, I know, if it should snipit the rector away from my preserves. Laura is nineteen, to be sure, and her mother at her age was—Never mind, miss, what she was! Far fairer than ever you will be, and *almost* as beautiful as she is to-day.

"Of course you chose tailoring," said my wife, with the faintest pout in her tone, "trousers being the costume of the ruling race."

"Of course," and Debby Ann shuts her eyes, and dips her head in a laugh that is visible rather than audible. "Buttons and straight seams are plain sailing. I should lose my head among the ruffles of a gown. Have another cup? No? Then excuse me."

My wife and I laugh into each others eyes.

"That was a masterly stroke, Taddeo; confess it. Neither you nor I could have settled it for ourselves, so by an ingenious leading question you have extracted a whole philosophy from Debby Ann.

"Well, my dear, now that Laura has flown, electric to the postman's ring, I don't mind confessing that I am as a babe before the modern girl, with her quick bright mind, her capabilities for martyr usefulness in decorating a church, or working herself thin for a centennial tea party, and her unlimited capacity for twaddle, except under the high pressure of strong excitement. I have, as you say, struck out some flashes of light on it from the gritty sense of the by-gone time. All this spasmodic energy, this tireless self-devotion under excitement, is simply the woman in Laura, all that is left of the muliebry of old. We have smothered out its vitality, except for these few wild sparks now and then. That we have not killed it utterly let us thank God and the wonderful endurance He has given our daughter. Look at her now. Could she take a walk with me this minute if I should call her to go? You know she could not. She must step out of her dainty slippers, and spend how many minutes I don't know in buttoning those boots, on which she must balance herself like a *figurante* before she can step at all. She must take

off that fresh morning-gown—*Watteau*, do you call it?—with its rose-colored ribbons and its graceful tail; she must indue herself with a skirt that weighs pounds, in spite of its scantiness, fluted like a column—*kilted*, thank you!—and over that another swathing of drapery, of no mortal use that one can see save to hide the decoration of the under one. Then, when she has knotted a silk kerchief round her throat, and put on a jaunty jacket, and given her hat the proper inclination, and pinned on two veils, she will be ready to start.

“And she will be very dazzling, and I shall be proud of her as she goes sparkling down the street, leaning on my arm. There is not much agility required simply to *flaner* upon Walnut street, so she can walk with sufficient grace with me perhaps as far as to my office. But should I ask her to go with me to the rose gardens over the river, or to take a constitutional in the park, she will be exhausted at the mention of it. How could she climb down and gather ‘Quaker-ladies,’ or climb up for columbine among the rocks? She knows the Wassahickon only from the carriage-drive, as she knows the boulevards in the park. Of the pleached-green by-ways, the tangles of shade, the coy foot-paths under the forest trees, she knows nothing. She has a keen sense of the ridiculous, and rather than tear her pearly gloves and leave a shred of her dress on every trailing brier, rather than cling helpless to me and be dragged up every shelving bank, a spectacle from the drive, she says me nay.”

“But you know that at Catskill and at Jefferson,” pleads mamma, “where climbing is a business—”

“Yes, my dear, I do know. I’ve lost my heart often enough to those pretty nymphs in their coquettish and simple mountain dress. At Catskill and at Jefferson she wears a costume at once easy and close-fitting, light and graceful, and in which she can move and have her being in comfort for six summer weeks. Then she comes back to the mummy toilets in the early autumn, and is the dearest, the most helpless chrysalis throughout the year till summer comes again. But if climbing is not the business of every day, *exercise* surely is, and you by ordering her costumes, I by paying for them, have conspired to put this as certainly out of her reach as though we had incased her in a neat, upright sarcophagus, set, for purposes of locomotion, on wheels.”

“Look at Tom, now.” (Tom and Bessie are the juniors of our establishment, contemporaries by a year.) “The boy refuses to wear an over-coat or carry an umbrella the winter through. And why? Because the young animal refuses to be hampered in any way; he must have the freedom of his arms. I see him on his road home from school, with the satchel of worn books at his back, making every step of the way a gambol, a defiance, taking in deep draughts of fresh air, shouting and hallooing; and then I overtake Bessie, on her way home, carrying seven, eight *new books* pressed close to her breast with one tired arm, holding up her skirt with the other, as she crosses the muddy street—for you have taught your girls to be dainty, my dear, if you do dress them in defiance of com-

fort and health. Whenever I see this sharp contrast I feel that there is indeed no hope for the girls. 'Give our daughters a trial! a chance for the girls!' the word is passed from every thoroughfare where men have hitherto stood guard. A chance! Can they, will they ever have it till we have a new clothes philosophy?

"Tell me honestly, my dear, when Tom was in petticoats in the nursery, and Bessie a toddler of a year old, in the rare moment in their lives when they had *co-education*, was there any difference between them as regards health and strength?"

"N-no, certainly not," said my wife—"except that Bessie was the healthier of the two, and the first to get well always of the baby ills they had together."

"Precisely; so I thought. And at six years old you put Tom in knickerbockers and sent him to school, while Bessie, I think, had lessons at home until she was nine?"

"Yes."

"Well, my dear, it is as much my fault as yours; but doesn't it strike you that the co-education that ends at six and then seeks to begin again at sixteen is not altogether a fair one? From the day that Tom went to school, what was his life? Five hours of solid work, varied by the incessant undercurrent of restless activity, even under the alert eye of Dr. Brownies himself. A recess of hearty play, if it be but for ten minutes, is utilized to its utmost capacity. Out of school, what does the rascal do? He is off to base-ball or cricket, you know, before his dinner is fairly swallowed. How or when his lessons are learned puzzles me; but they are learned—by early lamp-light, it may be, so that he may have the evening clear to go to a debating club at 'a boy's house.' To judge from the character of the debates when they are held at *my* house, there is quite as much wrestling of bodies as of brains. By the sounds overhead in Tom's own room, it is a conclave of prehistoric eels, with 'heavy boots on, winding up with a pillow-ease fight as an appropriate motion to adjourn. All of Saturday, you know, is devoted to bare and hoofs in the park, or to that nascent boat-club on the Schuylkill that is to lead the river one of these days. Positively every moment of Tom's life, when he isn't asleep, or at school, or at table, is that of the young 'Nemean' he styles himself.

"Can you go back with me, dear, through the days of Bessie's training? It is my fault as well as yours, remember, if it has gone wrong. Before she went to school she had her daily lessons with you, and that they were with you made the sweetest of all starts on that crabbed road. Then she had her music, two hours of daily devoir at the piano. For play, what had she? the dolls in the nursery. For exercise? a walk with her *bonne* at noon—a stately walk, varied by observations on the part of that officer to be sure and keep her tiny petticoats fresh and her dainty gloves spotless, like a lady! By-the-way, she carried her doll with her on these triumphal processions, and due attention must be given to holding it straight and keeping its flounces in order. We could not let the poor little arms go unburdened even in this hour of sunshine and fresh air!"

"Then you and I wanted a year of Europe, and the home lessons were done. We turned Bessie over to Madame Blank's school, and made ourselves easy, knowing that the creature comforts of home were safe with Debby Ann. We come home again and things go on in their new accustomed groove. Bessie, like Tom, hasn't a minute to spare. Her school hours are no more than his; but she has a wider range, certainly, in the curriculum, with her nine text books and her score of exercises. Probably she will never learn concentration as he does; but for that Madame Blank is to blame, who sows crop after crop upon the virgin soil without waiting for the first sign of harvest. Poor child, when she is jerked violently from a French idiom to a chemical combination, from the Pyramids of Egypt to the ninety-ninth proposition, from the 'gurgite vasto' to the genealogy of the Patriarchs, how can she be very clear at the end of the day as to all or any? Tom, with the simple bill of fare Dr. Brownies provides, has greatly the advantage.

"But she might even stand this ingenious mosaic work, and keep her head cool, if she could throw off restraint as Tom does, and be a girl as he is a boy, for the rest of the twenty-four hours. No, she must walk demurely home; 'last tag' and 'marble tag' are for savages, of course. She must, a mimic copy of Laura, be as elegant a little lady in costume and bearing as the nine school books will allow.

"The music teacher comes, and she must 'practise' till the last ray of daylight; for of evenings, with mamma's and Laura's guests in the drawing room, this dispensation is disallowed. She may steal out in the twilight for a call on a school friend, but be sure she is demure and serious, weighed down already by her fifteen years. Of evenings she 'studies,' going from one book to the other like a very pale and resolute butterfly, scarcely allowed time to sip the honey from each, and getting sadly confused as to the relative merits of white clover and blossom of bean, if the pretty 'get up' of the modern school book will justify the metaphor. We have set our faces against juvenile parties as they are conducted at present: so she does go to bed at ten, as she closes the last book."

"But she has Saturday?"

"Oh yes. Saturday! Well, she sits by the heater and reads some trash or other, or she goes out shopping and to 'pay' calls. If it be near Christmas-time, she works away like a beaver on a rug strap for me, much too fine for use, and cramps her arms against her breast, and breathes short and shallow over the hurried stitches. (I wonder, by the way, why women were provided with lungs! Since all their gentle and feminine pursuits, with hands, breathing, and eye-sight concentrated on the tiny shaft of ivory or steel, tend to eliminate these organs, surely they are almost as unnecessary in the objects of their creation as is the brain, *en evidence!*)

"Not a very abounding and rejoicing existence certainly, this penitential youth we have prescribed for our daughter. We shall have a platoon of medical muskets levelled at her by-and-by. They will dispose of her at the first charge, and the charge is this: 'Poor thing! she has tried to study as a boy does: and behold the consequences—total wreck!'

“Too much co-education? My dear, believe me, we haven’t half enough. We don’t begin to understand co-education; we don’t dream for a minute of giving our girls the chance for life and strength that we secure to our boys. Look at Debby Ann. She *was* educated with boys. She went to the primitive Quaker school at Straitsville Corners, where those shrewd old merchants, my uncles, got their store of the English reader and Comley’s spelling-book. In school and out she had the same chance as they for simple nutrition of her active brain, and room for her healthy young body to disport itself and grow in the wide fields under summer and winter suns. They sent their ships over the world, walked godly among their fellows, and were gathered to their rest years ago. She, keen-witted as they, has been as active, as useful. *As useful?* Who shall compute her thousands of hours spent in weary sick-rooms, winning frail babies back to life, or soothing the racked and weary soul to its quiet sleep? No trace of wear and tear upon her. For a sample of co-education, I know none better.

“And for the higher education, denied to my uncles and Debby Ann, how many years is it since the whole curriculum of the Boston Latin school had to be changed, because the *boys* were breaking down? Cramming intemperate study is good for neither girl nor boy; but happily the system of elective studies wisely coming into favor into our high universities will correct this evil.

“If I were to send Bessie to Cornell or Michigan University just now, she might or might not be able to stand the pace, artificial, abnormal creature that we have made her. But if I were to capture Tom to-day, and put him under a glass till he is fifteen—for a year, let us say—load him down with heavy and inconvenient dress, ‘tender him,’ as Debby Ann would say, with fancy-work over the heater, frown upon every effort at noise or romp, deny him the fresh air save in an overburdened and decorous walk, multiply his studies, and add ‘biano-blaying’ and practice for his sins—in short, rear him for one year as we have reared Laura and Bessie for all their lives—Tom wouldn’t go to Michigan University, but to his grave!

“No one has sufficiently computed, it seems to me, the grand elasticity of womanhood. The good God has given her a brain as well as her sacred office of maternity. Not by spasmodic intellectual effort, with intervals of indolence and vague imaginings, are the great mothers of the race reared and formed. The perfectly healthful woman, whom the doctors never see, will laugh if you tell her she was created an intermittent invalid. She knows the sustaining force, the healthful reserve of power, which keeps the balance of her pulses under all the complex conditions of her life. Nature foreseeing the various demands upon her, has gifted her with powers of endurance, of rebound under care, of patient pulling and steering through shoals of harrassing and complicated duties, before which the stoutest ‘stroke’ of the university crew would break his oar in exasperation, and lay himself down in despair.”—*Harper’s Monthly.*

HAVE YOU RETURNED TO OPIUM,
—) OR DOES THE (—
CURE OF DR. COLLINS "STICK?"

Some months ago I addressed letters to a number of my former patients, inquiring as to the permanency of the cure effected in each case, putting this direct, square question, "Does the cure stick?" The following are some of the replies to said letters. The original manuscript of these replies, with others of the same tenor not published, are all on file in my office. The reading of these ought to cure the skepticism of the most skeptical:

WILL "STICK" A THOUSAND YEARS.

FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, NEW YORK, }
December 21, 1877. }

DR. S. B. COLLINS:

My Dear Sir:— * ** Now, in answer to your letter, I have the very great pleasure to inform you that your cure of me, some years ago, of that dreadful life-destroying opium or morphine habit, was a successful and permanent one. You ask me, "In other words, does the cure stick;" and I have to say it does, and will so long as I live, should that be one thousand years to come. I am a well man to-day, and was made so by your skill and your great opium cure. If you want a certificate on that point, you can have one. You may draw up one just as you wish it—because you cannot state the case in too strong terms, or different from what the real facts were and now are—and I will sign the same.

Yours truly,

MARCUS P. NORTON,
Troy, N. Y.

"NOT A SINGLE GRAIN OF MORPHINE OR OPIUM."

IRONTON, MISSOURI, November 1, 1877.

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LAPORTE, IND.:

Dear Sir:—Not a single grain of morphine or opium, in any form, has been taken by me since that morning I took the first dose of your Antidote, and I have had no desire or necessity for either of them.

My general health is good; I eat heartily and sleep well. I am afflicted in my lower limbs with a burning sensation attended with some pain, a natural consequence, I presume, of old age. I am now in my 72d year.

Respectfully,

J. DONALDSON.

MY CURE IS COMPLETE.

DWIGHT, LIVINGSTON COUNTY, ILL., }
November 3, 1877. }

DR. S. B. COLLINS:

Sir:—Yours duly received. In reply, would say, *yes sir, it does stick.* I am just as clear of the opium habit now, as if I had never taken it at all. Two years ago last September I had a terrible swelling—one of the most painful of them. I took a piece the size of a pin-head, I think about a week. The pain was so sharp I could not endure it without something to dull it a little. That small quantity was sufficient, and I had not the least trouble in leaving it off when the pain abated. This, to me, is the strongest evidence that my cure is complete.

Yours,

AMY R. GREEN.

“PERFECTLY CURED.”

MCKEAN, ERIE CO., PA., Nov. 1, 1877.

DR. S. B. COLLINS:

Dear Sir:—In reading your last letter, I see you would like to know about my condition and health. Well, my health is very good. I have not used any morphine since I commenced taking your antidote. Neither do I use any other drug. I am perfectly cured.

Yours truly,

MRS. MARY EBENHOUSE.

“HAVE NEVER HAD ANY DESIRE FOR MORPHINE.”

WEST ENOSBURG, VT., Oct. 29, 1877.

DR. S. B. COLLINS:

Dear Sir:—Yours of the 27th came to hand in due season.

I think I have heretofore given you a description of my case, but, lest I should be mistaken, I will say that from the time I took the first tea-spoonful of your antidote I have never had any desire for morphine to this day. I was feeble when I commenced on your medicine, and weighed but 115 pounds. I have since reached 196, and now weigh 182. I will be 89 years old, if I live till December 14th.

I have no objection to your using my letters if they will do you any good.

Yours,

LORENZO FASSETT.

HAVE NO DESIRE WHATEVER.

MONTGOMERY, ALA., Nov. 8, 1877.

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LAPORTE, IND.:

Dear Sir:—Your esteemed favor of October 28th reached me a few days since, having been forwarded from Opelika.

In answer to your inquiry, I would state that I have been entirely relieved of the opium habit since the use of your truly wonderful remedy.

I have no desire whatever for any stimulant of any kind, and the thoughts of taking a dose of morphia nauseates my stomach to a degree bordering on downright misery. My general health was never better. I enjoy nature and nature's God. In short, I am a new, free man, emancipated by your hands.

Hoping you may have the success you so well deserve, I remain

Yours,

FRANK A. HERVEY.

“WE CAN BOTH RECOMMEND YOUR MEDICINE.”

CANTON, VANZANT Co., TEXAS, Nov. 20, 1877.

DR. S. B. COLLINS:

Dear Sir—Your favor of the 27th of October is at hand and contents noted.

I can satisfactorily state that I have remained entirely free from the opium habit, not having the least desire for the drug, and have enjoyed good health. * * * My wife has also remained entirely free from the habit, and we can both recommend your medicine as a safe and sure cure.

Yours respectfully,

W. A. TUTTLE.

“ENTIRELY AND PERMANENTLY CURED.”

KANSAS CITY, Nov. 7, 1877.

DR. S. B. COLLINS:

Dear Sir—Your letter of inquiry of October 26th, in relation to my health, came duly to hand.

In reply, I am happy to state that my general health was never better. I can safely and truthfully say that your antidote has effected a permanent cure, not only in my case, but in other cases to my certain knowledge. I have no desire for morphia and no further use for your antidote, nor have I had for three years.

I have received several letters from parties residing in different States inquiring as to the truthfulness of my cure as published over my signature in your magazine; and, with pleasure, my answer has always been that said testimonial was strictly true in every particular, and my advice to them was to apply to Dr. Collins at once, and be assured of being happily cured of the terrible habit. You may be sure, Doctor, that I can deeply sympathize with those who are victims of the awful habit from which I was a sufferer for twelve years. But I thank God I am now entirely and permanently cured through the medicine and advice of Dr. Collins.

And now, Doctor, allow me again to thank you, and wish you a long and useful life.

As ever, your sincere friend,

E. H. SPALDING.

NEVER HAS THE SLIGHTEST DESIRE.

JERSEY, OHIO, November 16, 1877.

DR. S. B. COLLINS:

Dear Sir :—Your note of inquiry was received in due time.

In reply am happy to say that in my case the cure is a *perfect* one. I never have the *slightest* desire to take the drug. And cannot express to you the daily joy it is to feel that I am free from the habit which so held me in bondage. And when I compare my present health with that of a year ago, I feel there is marked improvement, and I trust I may yet enjoy comparative health.

Wishing you success in your future work, I remain sincerely and gratefully

Yours,

MRS. JENNIE D. BRACKEN.

PRINT IT IN BOOKS, IN LETTERS OF FIRE.

BRISTOL, VT., November 3, 1877.

DR. S. B. COLLINS:

Dear Sir :—Your letter of October 27th came to hand in due time.

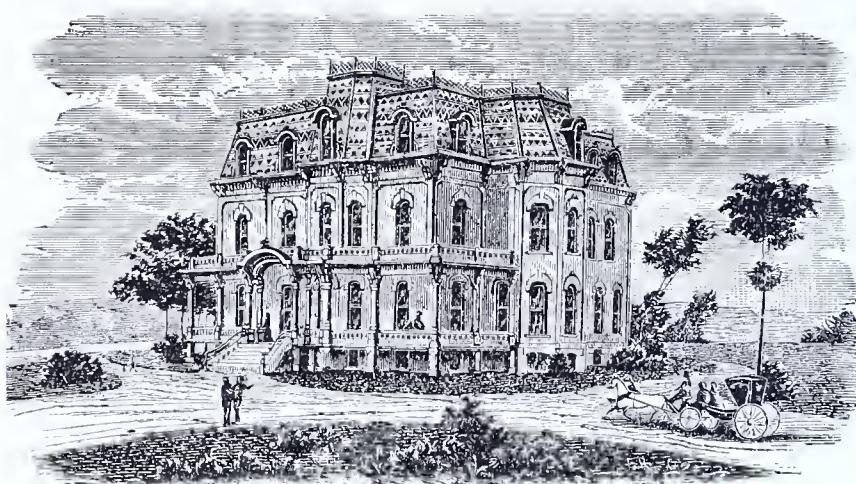
You ask me if my opium cure “sticks.” In answer, I would say I have not taken a particle of opium since I took the first dose of your antidote, which, I believe, was three years ago the 18th day of last May.

I have no desire for opium or any other narcotic. My health is first rate, and I can do as good a day’s work as a man in general of my age. I have great reason to thank God, first, and after Him, Dr. S. B. Collins, as being instrumental in ridding me of that terrible habit of using narcotic poison.

Use my name, sending it to all parts of the world, if you choose, that it may be the means, if it will, of freeing one of Adam’s race from the debasing and hellish opium habit. Print it in books, in letters of fire, that one in the Green Mountain State has been cured of the worst of all diseases, fully and entirely, for once and forever, by taking Dr. S. B. Collins’ Opium Antidote, and is now well, and can look again upon this beautiful earth and view things as they were made by the Great Architect. Ten years ago I was besotted with deadly opium poison, which brought on indigestion, costiveness, sleeplessness, nightmare; in short, the devil in my bed at night, phantoms and horrible dreams. All these troubles have left me.

Very respectfully yours,

JAMES WHITNEY.



DR. COLLINS' RESIDENCE.

In the year 1876 Dr. Collins began the erection of what, when fully completed, will be the costliest and most magnificent dwelling in Northern Indiana. The building, which is of the best material (brick and stone), is 56x66 feet and four stories high, including the basement. The Mansard, which is 14 feet in height, is faced with slating of variegated colors. The number of rooms is 37, exclusive of two halls 15x36—all of them elegant, and some of them very spacious. The ceilings have an elevation of from 12 to 14 feet. No modern improvement or convenience is wanting, and the work and finish are in the latest style, and first-class in every respect. A cellar, or basement, divided into several compartments, extends under the entire structure. The mansion is warmed by steam, the apparatus and fixtures for which cost over \$2,000. The supply of cold air from without is regulated by an automatic valve, which closes as the heat in the furnace diminishes.

The whole building is excellently plumbed and fitted throughout. The Doctor manufactures his own gas by Coleman's patent process. The supply of water is drawn from the depths of Clear Lake, being forced by a powerful wind-mill through pipes to the stand-pipe in the barn, whence it is distributed over the premises at pleasure. As a precaution against fire, the dwelling is provided with several hundred feet of hose, connecting with the main pipe, and ready for service at a moment's warning. The first and second floors are furnished with large, commodious bath-rooms, abundantly supplied with hot and cold water.

The site of the mansion is on a gentle eminence on the north bank of Clear Lake, less than a half mile from the centre of LaPorte. The location is a delightful one, commanding a fine prospect of the city, the lakes in the vicinity, and the surrounding country—the view from the roof being especially beautiful and even picturesque.

A large conservatory will be a pleasing feature. The grounds, which are most ample—being part of quite an extensive farm owned by the Doctor—are naturally very eligible and attractive, and when improved and ornamented, on the plan now being carried out, will present the mansion as one of the most truly home-like and charming residences in the country.

The total cost of the building proper, exclusive of furniture, will not fall below \$50,000.

The dwelling is so arranged as to enable the Doctor to accommodate those patients who may wish to receive treatment under his immediate care.

DR. COLLINS' FIRST PATIENT.

A. P. Andrew, Jr., of LaPorte county, Ind., deposeth and saith: That he is 68 years of age; that previous to July, 1868, he was for twenty years addicted to the use of opium, the last eighteen years of which he was confirmed in the habit; that on the 18th day of July, 1868, he commenced taking a substitute compounded by Dr. S. B. Collins, of La Porte; that he continued to take the substitute according to directions, until the 13th day of December following, when he was pronounced cured; and since which time he has not taken opium in any of its forms, nor any substitute therefor; that he feels no desire for the use of opium; that he feels entirely cured of the habit, with good appetite, sleeps well and his general health is as good as he could expect at his age; that he published in the *Banner of Light*, Boston, March 13, 1869, a more particular statement of his cure, and that he has no pecuniary interest in the cure, but makes this deposition voluntarily for the benefit of humanity.

A. P. ANDREW, JR.

Sworn and subscribed to before me, the undersigned, Justice of the Peace, this 10th day of August, 1869.

HARVEY BROWN,
Justice of the Peace.

We may here fitly subjoin to the foregoing the following testimonials from the patients first cured by the Antidote:

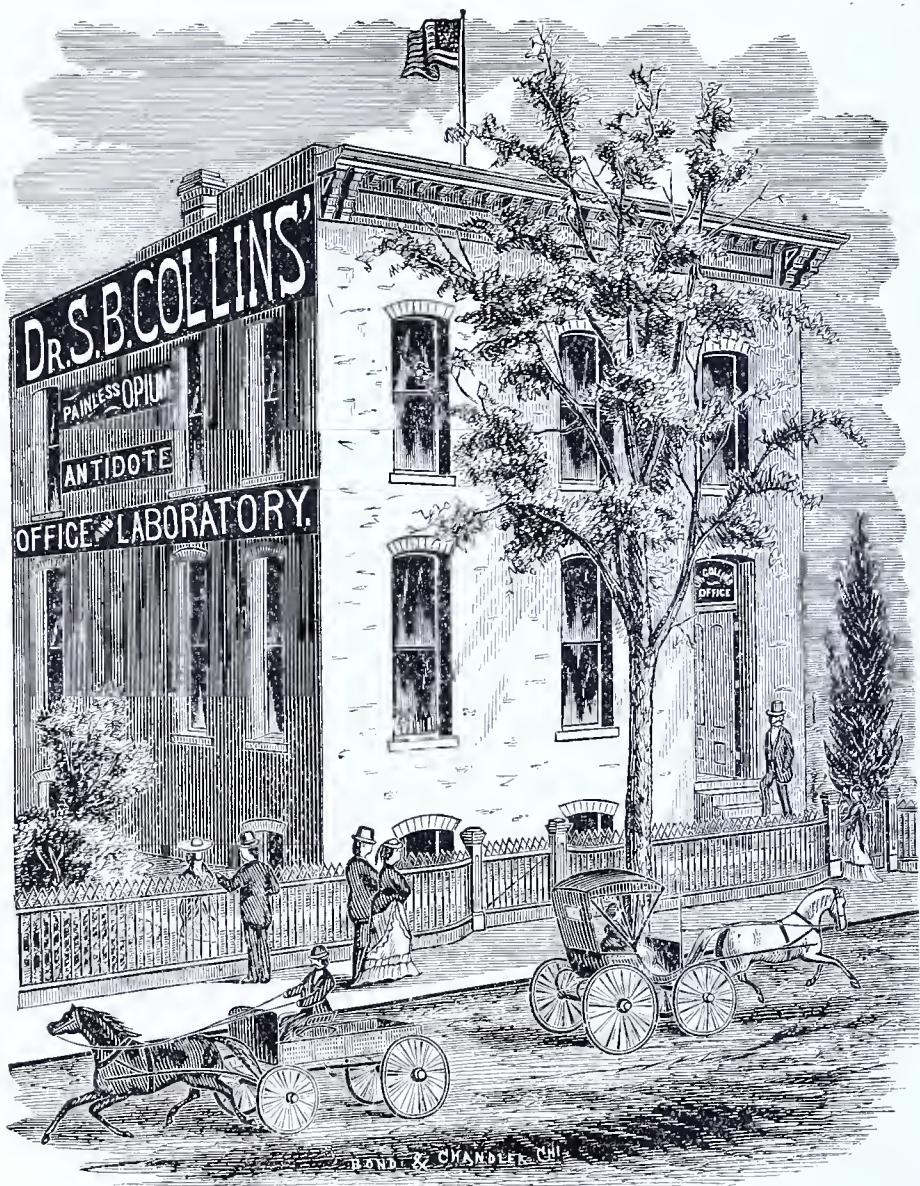
LAPORTE, IND., March 5, 1873.

DR. S. B. COLLINS:

Frequent inquiries are made by some of your patients, and others, who wish to know if the cure performed by you is *permanent*. Yes; it is now over *four years* since I was cured by you of the opium habit, during which time I have not used opium nor any of its preparations, nor any substitute therefor, and have no inclination or necessity to return to its use. My health is good, very good for one of my age (72 years); indeed my condition physically is better than at any time for the last twenty-five years.

Fraternally, etc.,

A. P. ANDREW, JR.



THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE AND LABORATORY.

The Office and Laboratory, erected in 1875, stands opposite the mansion, on the west side of the avenue. It is of brick, 30x40 feet, and three stories, including basement. It is constructed in the most substantial manner, and in all its arrangements and appointments is admirably adapted to the transaction of the Doctor's large and constantly expanding business. The offices and reception rooms are all large, lofty, airy

and light. A heavy fire-proof vault contains a massive safe, in which the books, papers, etc., are kept. The packing-room, furnace, closet for bottles, coal-bins, etc., are in the basement.

The Laboratory, where the Antidote is compounded, is on the first floor in front, and is as nearly perfect as can be, in all its appliances and details—apparatus, chemicals, etc.

The location, though not a popular and much traveled street, is retired, quiet, and free from interruption. The immense and increasing business requires much work, but the labor being thoroughly systematized and skillfully divided, everything moves rapidly along without any jar or confusion.

ANOTHER VETERAN.

Joseph C. Darrow, another veteran, formerly of Adrian, Michigan, now of LaPorte, Ind., deposeth and saith:

That he is 35 years of age; that previous to April 18, 1869, he had been addicted to and confirmed in the habit of using morphine for six years; that on the 18th day of April, he commenced taking the remedy lately discovered and prescribed by Dr. S. B. Collins, of LaPorte; that he continued taking the Remedy according to directions until the 15th day of November following, when he was pronounced cured; that since November 15th he has had morphine at his command, with no necessity or desire to use it, or any substitute therefor; that he feels entirely cured of the habit, with good appetite, sleeps well, and his health is improving daily.

JOSEPH C. DARROW.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 27th day of November, A. D. 1869.

HARVEY BROWN.

Justice of the Peace.

Amount of Opium used per month, 1920 grains; cured since November, 1869.

“DELIVERED FROM THE OPIUM HELL.”

UNION MILLS, IND., Sept. 30, 1872.

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Indiana:

Dear Sir:—After taking a nostrum prepared by a “Professor” of your place, for the opium habit, and being made very sick thereby at each dose, I concluded to try your remedy, having learned that you was the sole discoverer of a painless and permanent cure for that dreadful habit of opium eating.

I am rejoiced that I did so, for after taking your remedy for about twelve months, I found myself, as I truly believe, entirely cured, and I am now comfortable without any medicine whatever.

Like nearly all opium eaters, I, at first, believed your remedy resembled the “Professor’s”—a sort of humbug—but to my surprise and great joy I found it to be a perfect cure for the accursed habit.

If any person has a desire to know more of this wonderful remedy, by

corresponding with me on the subject of my cure I will cheerfully answer every question, and give all the information in my power concerning the action of the remedy in my own case.

I have lived in LaPorte county for over 39 years, and had used morphine for about eight. At the time I commenced taking your remedy, I consumed one bottle of the drug in from eight to nine days. but since taking the first dose of your medicine, I have had no desire for any preparation of opium whatever, and I now pronounce myself entirely cured. I am confidant that if any opium eater will write to Dr. Collins, giving him the exact amount of drug used for a certain length of time, whether morphine, gum opium, or laudanum, and will follow the directions given upon the label of the bottles, he, like myself, will be delivered from the opium hell that no man can describe.

I have a near neighbor, who, after taking a few bottles of your remedy, was entirely freed from his terrible bondage, but like many others who have been cured by you, will not allow his name to be made public.

Thanking you for the many favors you have conferred upon me, and the great good you have done, and wishing you and your invaluable remedy unbounded success,

I remain very respectfully,

JOHN McLAIN.

UNION MILLS, IND., June 1, 1875.

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Indiana:

Dear Sir :— Many persons have written me, and I am now in daily receipt of letters from all parts of the country, inquiring regarding the effect of your Opium Antidote in my case, whether it is really a sure Antidote, and if the cure is permanent. In a testimonial, dated September 30th, 1872, I gave my unqualified commendation of the medicine, and now, after a lapse of nearly three years, I reiterate the statements then made, and declare the Antidote to be painless, permanent and sure.

I have not, since taking the first dose of the Antidote, taken a grain of Opium in any form, and, since dispensing with the Antidote in 1872, I have used neither Opium, Antidote nor any substitute therefor.

Very truly yours,

J. McLAIN.

“THE GREATEST BOON GOD EVER GAVE.”

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., January 20, 1870.

EDITORS HERALD:

Will you please, for humanity's sake, give this letter one insertion in your valuable and widely-circulated paper?

I have been a practicing physician in the city of St. Joseph for nearly 23 years, during which time I have done a very large practice, and I would say (not flattering myself), have some reputation as a physician in Northwestern Missouri. About four years ago I fell into the unfortunate habit of taking Opium. After using the drug that length (four years), it began to tell on my health considerably. I would at one time

have given thousands of worlds to have got rid of the miserable habit. I tried some half a dozen times to break off the habit, but failed in every instance, so I had pretty much given up all hopes of recovery.

About this time, December 16th, 1869, I learned, through my friend Gen. Bassett, of this city, that there was a physician in LaPorte, Ind., Dr. S. B. Collins, who put up an antidote for the opium habit, and, like a drowning man catching at a straw, I resolved to try the remedy at once; and I do declare, before God and man, that, from the first dose of the Remedy, I have not had the least disposition or desire to take opium in any form whatever, nor do I suffer any of those indescribable, horrid, melancholy feelings which an opium eater experiences after stopping the use of the drug. I have now been using the Remedy six weeks. When I first commenced the use of it, I was under the necessity of taking from five to six teaspoonfuls a day; now I only require one teaspoonful in the twenty-four hours, just before going to bed, and I have no doubt that in two or three weeks more I can dispense with the Remedy altogether. I look upon it as one of the most remarkable discoveries of the age, and the greatest boon that God ever gave to the unfortunate opium eater. If there are any opium eaters in this city or its vicinity (and I doubt not there are a few), let them call at my office, and I will take pleasure in telling them all I know about this wonderful remedy, and how promptly it has acted in my case.

I would here most positively state and affirm that I have no interest, pecuniarily, in this medicine, never having seen Dr. Collins in my life.

The reason, and the only reason, in writing this letter is, that it may be the means of saving some unfortunate person who has become a slave to the accursed thralldom of the opium habit. I would to God that all the newspapers in the city, yea, in the United States, would publish and copy this letter, if it would thereby be the means of saving one poor unfortunate person from the habit of opium eating.

JNO. B. HOWARD, M. D.

P. S.—It might be proper to state that when I began the use of the drug, I weighed 220 pounds; during the use of the drug I lost about forty pounds in weight, but now, thank God, I am gaining rapidly in health, strength and flesh. My appetite is good, digestion is perfect, and I rest well of nights.

J. H. B.

Amount of opium used per month, 360 grains; cured since March, 1870.

“THE BOON OF THIS GREAT DISCOVERY.”

The following letter from Mr. Sheffield, one of the firm of the banking house of Sheffield & Norton, Napoleon, O., will speak for itself:

DR. S. B. COLLINS:

Dear Sir:—When we can bring relief to our fellow-men by making our infirmities public, we ought not to shrink from the exposure, no matter how unpleasant and humiliating such a course may be.

I commenced the use of morphia in 1846, in combination with quinine,

forague, and continued its use until the habit was formed—and even afterward, under the sanction of professional advice.

After many years, and about 1858 or 1859, my chains became so galling that I determined to break them. About this time I was using about fifteen grains *per diem*. Abandoning all attention to everything but the struggle with my enemy, I entered upon a persistent system of graduation, by reduction of the dose, and increase of the time between doses. I continued this struggle with unyielding fortitude for twelve months, suffering for sixteen out of every twenty-four hours, unspeakable agony. As the result, I was able to get through the twenty-four hours with one teaspoonful of laudanum, but here I found a last ditch, beyond which I could not pass. After a long struggle I was constrained to accept the conclusion that, without assistance, no more ground could be conquered. Within the following year I resumed the use of morphia as formerly, whereupon I decided to try water cure treatment as an auxiliary.

Leaving home and business, I repaired to the Cleveland Water Cure. Here I fought over the same ground, by a like system of graduation, for eight months; and again a teaspoonful of laudanum proved a last ditch. I returned home, and during the next year resumed my fifteen grains of morphia per day. Once more I returned to the water cure, resolved upon "victory or death." The same process of graduation was adopted, and, through the aid of an incredible fortitude acquired by these long struggles, at the end of some nine months I ceased to use opium in any form, and hoped, in three months, to recover so far as to be comfortable. In this I was destined to be disappointed. No change or reaction; and I carried this load of suffering, with no material abatement for a period of nine months more.

At the end of this time, Dr. Seelye, of the Cure, was constrained to pronounce my case one of idiosyncrasy, and to conclude that a return to the use of the drug was a choice of evils. After this I passed another miserable year in visiting the Pacific coast, in the hope that change of climate might furnish a key to solve the difficulty.

After all these struggles, and three years of unutterable agony, in the spring of 1865 I gave up all hope of deliverance, and soon ceased to put any restraint on my use of the drug. From this time, until six months since, I have used from twenty to thirty grains of morphia per day. I commenced the use of your Antidote six months since, and at the same time ceased the use of opium in any form entirely, and continue thus to this time.

It is not only true that I have not suffered at any time for the want of morphia, but, from the day I commenced the use of your most wonderful remedy, I have felt much better than with the use of morphia. My improvement in mind and body has been so palpable to all my friends, as well as myself, as to be a topic of common remark.

Before furnishing you a statement, I designed to wait until the result was beyond a reasonable doubt. That time has come, and I cannot longer delay announcing to my fellow-bondsmen that a day of jubilee has come for us. No one but the poor slaves who have worn or still

wear these chains, who have been down in the dark waters of the abyss of woe unutterable, can in the least appreciate the boon of this great discovery.

I have prepared this statement in great haste and with as much brevity as practicable. You may use it to accomplish all the good possible.

Yours truly,

WM. SHEFFIELD.

NAPOLEON, OHIO, December 10, 1874.

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Ind.:

Dear Sir :—It is now more than a year since I ceased to use either your antidote or opium in any form. My general health is greatly improved and improving.

At a former time you published a statement of my case under the title of "Water Cure versus Home." I was certain that your antidote would accomplish all that you promised. I have only now to say that this has been done in my case; also that it will do this in every case when it is taken according to directions.

Sympathy and duty require me to make, and authorize you to use, this statement.

Yours truly,

WM. SHEFFIELD, Banker.

Amount of opium used per month, 7,200 grains; has been cured since November, 1873.

"ONE OF EARTH'S BENEFACTORS."

MARION, PERRY COUNTY, ALABAMA, }
October 26, 1874.

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Ind.:

Dear Sir :—Allow me to express my heartfelt gratitude for deliverance from a bondage worse than death itself.

No person who has ever experienced those horrible feelings which every one addicted to the use of opium knows so well but cannot describe, can have any conception of the tortures and sufferings of the slave of this pernicious drug.

Mine is a common story. Suffice it to say, that, in writhing under the most excruciating pain of inflammatory rheumatism, my system reduced to a mere wreck, and so utterly prostrate as not to be able to move body or limb, I resorted to morphine to allay the pain, and, if possible, to enjoy a little sleep. Realizing momentary ease, I continued its use from day to day, and as my sufferings were so intense these doses were increased till in a short time it required ten grains per day to produce any effect. After a length of time the misery somewhat abated, and I was advised to discontinue its use, but alas! I then saw that I was a slave to a most unrelenting tyrant, and it was just as impossible to leave it off, as it was for a consumptive to stop his cough.

Friends remonstrated, reminding me that persistence in its use would result in premature death—a fact I too well knew, but had no alterna-

tive. Some advised to break off by force of resolution, saying where there is a will there is a way; others said, decrease each dose, and quit gradually. I did decrease each dose, till at the end of three years I used but two grains per day, yet, notwithstanding the decrease of quantity, after many unsuccessful attempts to break off I almost despaired of hope, and looked forward to the grave, in sad contemplation, as my only release. In this state of desperation I saw the advertisement of Dr. S. B. Collins' Opium Antidote. Inspired by this ray of hope, I wrote to you desiring full information. Determined to test its efficacy I ordered it at once, and can truthfully say that from my first dose of Antidote I have never felt a desire for opium in any form, nor that awful, indescribable feeling which I experienced under its baneful influence. Though you thought at least seven bottles would be requisite in my case, less than six proved sufficient.

Now, I feel like a new man, my system has recuperated, my health is good, and, in fact, I feel like myself again. At first thought I shrank from the idea of giving publicity to my name under such circumstances, but, upon reflection, I feel it to be a Christian duty to testify to the genuineness and efficacy of your Painless Opium Antidote.

The sentiment of my heart is that you are one of earth's benefactors, and your Antidote one of the greatest discoveries of the age.

You may use the letter, or any part of it, as well as my name in full, in any way you see proper, and if one suffering victim is thereby rescued from his slavish fetters, I shall be amply rewarded.

Gratefully yours,

B. F. CANNON.

"MY GREAT EMANCIPATION."

TROY, N. Y., April 23, 1874

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Ind.:

When I first went to you for consultation and conference with reference to my case, after a full statement of facts, you did not promise to cure me under twelve months, and with *that* information I went under your treatment, and I gave you an *exact* and *truthful* statement of my case, and commenced to take your medicine as directed. The result was you completed a *permanent* cure in a little more than eight months' time. Almost five months have now passed since I left off taking your medicine, and *I am* a well, happy and prosperous man once again. Joy and gladness have come once more to our family circle, and driven forever away that sadness and grief and deep sorrow that had settled there because of my illness and bondage to that great task and slave master, *morphine*, for eight long, weary, sorrowing years, fed to me day by day for all that time, to satisfy the demands of habit entailed upon me by the doctors who attended me during my long illness in the summer and fall of 1864.

Since the first Tuesday in October last, I have been in court every day, here and there, with but one or two exceptions, and I have had full strength of mind and body to enable me to conduct the matters and bus-

iness there demanded of me. But for your aid, your skill, and your medicine, I *never* could have done such work. I tell you, Doctor, I am well again; *I am* what I have written you *I am*. You have done for me *all* and more than I have ever written of to you. That awfully heavy weight or load of profound grief and apprehensive sorrow, which had for so long a time settled upon the hearts of dearly loved ones in my own loved home, because *they* saw through morphine the surely and swiftly coming of the sleep of death during the long night of the grave, has been completely removed, and now with light hearts and joyous, happy spirits they move on and on through the hours of this life, *never* forgetting my great emancipation from the long and terrible bondage of that cruel but seductive poison—*morphine*.

MARCUS P. NORTON.

P. S.—When your treatment commenced, I weighed 184 pounds; now I weigh 220 pounds, in all 36 pounds of square and healthy gain.

M. P. N.

Amount of Opium used per month, 1200 grains; cured since Jan., 1874.

UNFORTUNATES, BE CONVINCED.

PIQUA, Ohio, October 28, 1875.

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Ind.:

Dear Sir:—I wish to add my testimony to hundreds of others in regard to your valuable Antidote for the Opium Habit. In the first place I will state that I had used the cursed drug for about twelve or thirteen years, and during that time I had taken Morphia, Gum Opium, the Elixir and Laudanum. I had changed from one to the other to try and get some relief, but all to no purpose. I have taken as high as 15 grains of morphia per day and as much as three ounces of laudanum per day.

I tried to get rid of it by reducing it, and changing from one to another form of the drug, and I did reduce it sometimes, but with the most intense suffering. There is no use to try to get rid of the Opium Habit, or disease, as it is surely after a time, without the help of your Antidote; and that will do it, and no mistake, and without a pain or a pang. I received the first bottle on the 25th day of May, 1875, and from the first dose I took I have never had the least desire for the drug, and, on the 18th of September, I took the last dose of the Antidote, and to-day I am entirely cured, and in the best of health. And when I commenced to take your Antidote I weighed one hundred and sixty-nine pounds, and had not seen a well day in ten years; now I weigh one hundred and ninety.

Strange to say, I had suffered with piles twenty-two years, and since taking your Antidote I am entirely cured of that disease. And now, Doctor, I shall always feel grateful to you, not only for your Antidote, but for your kind and gentlemanly treatment of me. Now you can publish this, if you wish to do so, and I wish every person in the world that has been so unfortunate as to get in the habit of using the drug, from

any cause, may see it. I was got into the habit by a physician, and I have thought that any physician who would continue to prescribe either Opium or Whiskey to any patient to get him into the habit, ought to be sent to state prison for life, or to h——, for a short time at least; for I tell you any person that has used Opium to any extent has seen all the sights, and more, than Tam O'Shanter saw at Kirk Alloway. · And now, as I close, I must say that the Antidote is all that, and more, than is claimed for it. All you unfortunates that want to be convinced do as I have done—try it; it does its work, and you cannot tell how the desire passes away; I feel as though I was a boy again, and when I am met by my friends, they say to me, "What has come over you? You look better than I have seen you looking for years." I forgot to say that I am now 59 years of age. Yours truly,

Yours truly,

JAY J. WILL.

TESTIMONY OF AN OCTOGENARIAN

GRASS LAKE, Michigan, Oct. 29, 1875.

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Ind.:

Dear Sir:—I wrote you nearly a year since that I was cured of the Opium Habit by your Antidote.

I know that your Antidote has cured me, and I recommend it wherever I have an opportunity. I have passed my four-score birth-day, and of course my influence is small, because I am rarely from home, and my acquaintance is limited; but, old as I am, no money would hire me to be back where I was when I began taking your Antidote. Hoping you may live long, and cure many poor, miserable opium eaters, and diffuse the knowledge you possess to the world, and so ameliorate the condition of humanity. I remain yours,

I remain yours,

DANIEL MUNGER.

“YOUR ANTIDOTE IS WHAT SAVED ME.”

BROOKLAND, POTTER COUNTY, PA., }
May 19, 1875. }

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Ind.:

*Dear Sir:—*For twelve long years I had been an opium eater, and, although opium saved my life, it was hardly worth the saving, for it was a dreary life to me.

Oh! how I prayed to be cured, but without avail. I know that your opium Antidote is what saved me—nothing else could have cured me of the habit. My husband and children and good doctor all feel grateful to you, though but few believed in it at first. One year ago to-day I received the Antidote, and began taking it May 20th, 1874. I have not taken any opium Antidote since December 15th. I should have written before, but I was waiting to see if my health would be better. It is now very good for a person fifty-two years of age.

May God bless you.

Very truly yours

MRS. E. A. HAMILTON

SNATCHED FROM A YAWNING ABYSS.

OPELIKA, Alabama, July 10, 1875.

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Ind.:

My Dear Benefactor:—It is with undisguised feelings that I notify you of my complete recovery from that accursed morphine habit. The monster has been grappled with, and completely overcome.

I commenced the habit of using morphia in 1861, and continued it with no intermission until some seven months since, when I made known my case to you without the least possible reserve. You immediately placed me under your fostering care, and after the continuous use of five bottles, and a few teaspoonfuls of number six, I found myself completely cured, and without the least desire for Opium in any form, or for one single drop of the "Antidote." I have about 13 ounces of the last bottle (No. 6) which I intend to seal up and preserve as a memento of the great and immortal S. B. Collins.

I never in my life was so completely surprised as when I found I had no more use for the Antidote. I had no earthly desire for its continuance, and a perfect abhorrence to anything in the shape of an opiate. God only knows how I rejoice in my salvation. I feel as proud as a man very suddenly possessed of wealth. My health was never better. I enjoy Nature, and sing praises to Nature's God. May God Almighty prosper you as you have prospered me, by snatching a fellow-being from the yawning abyss of a new-made grave.

I am now thirty-three years of age, and possess a new lease of life. Dear Doctor, I fully appreciate your kind favors, and, rest assured, every thing you have done to save me will be cherished and remembered until the day of my death.

* * * * *

With highest feelings of regard, I have the honor to remain

Your obedient servant,

FRANK A. HERVEY.

"PERFECTLY CURED OF ALL DESIRE."

MARSHALL, Texas, Sept. 9, 1875.

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Ind.:

Dear Sir:—I should have written to you at an earlier date, but delayed for awhile until I had entirely recovered from the effects of opium, since which time I have been absent from home. I will now give you a succinct statement of my case. On the 6th of May, 1864, I was shot through the ankle at the Wilderness in Va., and opiates were administered to relieve the pain, until, when I recovered from the wound, I was a confirmed slave to the habit. It is useless for me to attempt to portray the horrors attendant upon the habit, as those who are not addicted to it cannot realize it, and those who are are but too familiar with the suffering of the unfortunate opium eater. Suffice it to say, the physical is nothing compared to the mental pain. I made many attempts to quit it, but

each attempt only confirmed the fact that it was a physical impossibility to quit it without some assistance.

Last September, 1874, I commenced to take your Antidote, and from the first dose I perceived that it would sustain the system without creating any of the nervous excitement of opium. I took six bottles of your medicine, and during the time of taking them I was out of it twice, and had to resort to opium; and, with all these unfavorable circumstances, I am to-day entirely free from any desire to take the drug. I did not take the whole of the sixth bottle, and suffered in consequence. I should have taken the whole of the sixth bottle, and also sent for and taken the seventh, but I withstood the nervousness for awhile, and it wore off, and I am now, after taking opium for ten years, perfectly cured of all desire. Had I gone according to directions I am satisfied I would not have suffered a particle.

I can give my testimony to the fact that it will do all that is claimed for it. You can give this to the public, if you feel disposed.

Yours very respectfully,

BENJ. J. WEBB.

“PERFECT AND PERMANENT CURE.”

BRUSH CREEK, PERRY COUNTY, ALA., }
September 6, 1875.

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Ind.:

Dear Sir—Feeling it to be a Christian duty to testify to the genuineness and efficacy of your Opium Antidote, I cheerfully comply with your expressed wish, by giving my certificate to be added to the many, who, by this means, have been rescued from a life of bondage, humiliation and misery.

In giving a brief sketch of my experience as a victim of the pernicious drug, I am fully aware of my incompetency to do it justice. The least I can say is, that language is inadequate to describe the horrors that ever attend the opium eater when he awakes to the fact that he is a slave to a most relentless tyrant, without one cheering ray of hope. But especially, under repeated efforts to break its galling fetters, does he writhe with excruciating pain, while the mental agony becomes unendurable, and, in the bitterness of despair, he is forced to again resort to his subtle destroyer.

I am now about sixty years old, and have suffered with rheumatism more or less since I was a mere boy, but, since 1868, have been its helpless victim. My misery became so severe that in January, 1869, I resorted to morphine to allay pain and obtain sleep. Realizing momentary ease, and enjoying that delusive soothing sensation, I continued its use from day to day, ignorant of its pernicious effects, and, in fact, caring for little but present ease. Time wore on, till, at the end of four years, I was obliged to take daily about ten grains.

During this time I made many attempts to quit its use, but only to find how utterly impossible it was for me to live without my daily por-

tion. I saw its baneful effects, and knew that, without relief, death must soon terminate my earthly existence, but, like the charmed bird that flies into the jaws of its deadly enemy, I could but persist in adding fuel to the flame that had already well nigh consumed the vitals of my being.

In February, 1874, I first heard of your Antidote, and, through the importunity of friends, was induced to give it a trial. I ordered one bottle, I must confess, with many misgivings in regard to its efficacy, but was happily disappointed. From the first dose of Antidote I took, I have never tasted opium in any form, nor do I have any desire for it whatever. Ten bottles sufficed to make a perfect and permanent cure. Several months have elapsed since I left off the Antidote, and to-day I am as free from opium as if I had never used it. I would earnestly urge every one addicted to its use to lose no time in procuring your Antidote, and thereby rescue himself from a life of misery and degradation. With heartfelt gratitude for my signal deliverance, I am your friend and well-wisher,

J. W. MORELAND.

A GREAT SKEPTIC HEALED.

MARIETTA, COBB COUNTY, GEORGIA, }
November 6th, 1873. }

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Ind.:

Dear Sir:—Sometime during the year 1855, I contracted the habit of taking opium, it having been prescribed by the two medical men attending me during a protracted and aggravated attack of cystitis and inflammation of the rectum. I soon became a complete slave to the habit. My allowance from year to year was one ounce per week. How many efforts I made during those eighteen years to leave off. I can not at this time call to mind, but I well remember the fearful sniffling and agony inexpressible during the time I was striving to quit. In '69 I made my last unsuccessful attempt, and waged war with my cruel task-master for nine long months, and succeeded in cutting my dose down to a quarter of a grain, taken at night only, but could never leave off that small dose; no, sir, strive as I may, when the regular time rolled around I had to take it.

In about two months after the battle began, I had reduced the amount from 40 grains twice a day to one-fourth of a grain once a day, and my old enemy had said as plain as language could speak, "thus far and no farther shalt thou come." What I suffered during the contest, no person can describe, no language can express, so I at last in utter despair gave up the contest, as one lost, not caring a flip how soon my worthless existence was cut short. I prayed to die, and frequently found myself meditating on taking the matter into my own hands. Excuse me for dwelling on this page of my life any longer. I would much rather write of the pleasant days and nights I had while carrying out your treatment; but it was in that utter, dark, damnable state of despair that a notice of your wonderful Antidote reached me, now about one year ago. I did

not immediately put myself under your treatment, being a great skeptic in regard to opium antidotes. You see about a year and a half before, I fell upon a notice of an opium antidote prepared by one Dr. Clark, and immediately communicated with him. After receiving his answer, with which I was not well pleased, not liking the jingle of it, I dropped him.

Doctor, I must confess, when my wife called my attention to your advertisement about one year ago in one of the Atlanta papers, (*Constitution*, I think), I pronounced it a humbug, but after so long a time she prevailed upon me to communicate with you. I received your THERIAKI, which I carefully perused; it led me to hope, and I sincerely wish it may have the same effect upon every poor opium eater who may chance to light upon it, for God knows they have my heartfelt sympathy. On the fifth of last February I received your first bottle of the Antidote; that night I took my last dose of opium. On the night of the sixth I had taken the first dose of the Opium Antidote, but I must confess it was with fear and trembling, by the next night I was so well convinced of its efficacy that I surrendered to my little daughter my ounce of opium, with which I furnished myself on the same day I received the Antidote. Have had opium in my hand but one time since, and then I had occasion to administer it to a sick lady, then living on my place. I had not been taking the Antidote but about two weeks before I felt like a new man; in fact, I hardly knew myself. You remember I have never received but three bottles from you; of the first I have about one-third on hand yet, of the second about one-half, and of the third and last bottle about one-fourth, considerably diluted with common syrup. I would not advise others to do as I have done, but, on the contrary, take the Antidote as you prescribe, for I really do not think you could find one in a hundred who could have the determination to succeed that I did. Again, I have a head of my own, and would never bear the idea of being so completely under the control of another poison.

This is Thursday night. Monday night last—two weeks ago—I took my last dose of the Antidote, and I seldom think of it, and never feel the need of it. Last February my weight was 130; now I weigh 154. While I was taking opium I left my pillow about eight o'clock of mornings, and spent about three-fourths of the day resting on my lounge; now I am up by the crack of day, and go all day long without thinking of lying down, and the only regret that I have is, that Dr. S. B. Collins did not make his truly wonderful discovery many years sooner. I will close by asking you to furnish me with one of your THERIAKIS occasionally. Now, you have not only my permission to publish this, but I hope you may find it worthy to be noticed. With great respect,

JAMES J. BUTTS, M. D.

Amount of opium used per month, 1680 grains; cured since Oct., 1873.

DOUBLE CURE IN ILLINOIS.

PROPHETSTOWN, ILL., Dec. 5, 1872.

DR. S. B. COLLINS:

Honored Sir:—Your note and magazines have been received, for which

we are thankful. Your apology was unnecessary. We freely exonerate you from all blame. Indeed, we feel, on the other hand, to truly thank you that we are both free from slavery. Our general health is very much better than when we took opium or morphine. We took our last dose of your Antidote the first of August. We have no more desire for morphine than if we had never taken it. We have nearly one third of our fifth bottle left. We have the honor to know that Dr. Collins is no humbug, as some would like to have the public believe. Many wishes for your prosperity.

Yours with respect,

WM. SANDERSON,
MRS. B. P. SANDERSON.

“YOUR WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.”

NEW HAVEN, CONN., December 9, 1874.

DR. S. B. COLLINS:

Dear Sir:—I have often meant to write to you in regard to what I know of your cure of the “Opium Habit,” and will do so now to the best of my ability.

Several years ago my attention was called to an article in *Harper's Monthly*, entitled, “What shall we do to be saved?” written by Fitz Hugh Ludlow, and referring to those who had unfortunately contracted the habit of using opium in one form or another. I believe Mr. Ludlow was better acquainted with this subject than any one in this country, and know that he devoted the best part of his life in helping those who had contracted the habit, and in trying to find some substitute, or antidote, which might, in some degree, be a help to those who were trying to leave off the use of the drug.

At this time I had several acquaintances who were taking morphine regularly each day, one or two of them having done so for twelve or fifteen years. Of course they were wholly unable to do without it, and, as in all such cases, had made many attempts to free themselves from their bondage, finally giving up the struggle as hopeless. Not long after reading the article referred to, I called on Mr. Ludlow, and conversed with him on the subject, mentioning the cases of my friends, but received very little encouragement for them.

Sometime afterward I wrote to him a somewhat detailed statement of their cases, and was greatly rejoiced by his reply, informing me of an Antidote which had been discovered by Dr. S. B. Collins, of LaPorte, Ind. Mr. Ludlow fully endorsed the Antidote, as being what was claimed for it—a painless cure for the opium habit—and his endorsement alone decided me to accept his offer to procure a supply for trial.

The Antidote soon arrived, and one of my friends commenced taking it. The effect was almost immediately felt, in better sleep, better appetite, and what was better than all, a feeling of hope for the future. In eight or nine months a perfect cure was effected, the leaving off the Antidote being so easy and natural as scarcely to be noticed.

Since that time I have procured the Antidote for several persons, whose cures have been simply a repetition of the above, and they and

their friends have never ceased to thank God for the blessing conferred on humanity by your wonderful discovery. If there are any in this vicinity who are longing and trying to overcome this habit, who will give me the opportunity, I think I can induce them to give your remedy a trial, and a trial means a sure and painless cure.

Yours truly,

J. B. BLAIR.

“YOUR REMEDY IS A SUCCESS.”

CALHOUN, GEORGIA, August 18, 1874.

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Ind.:

Dear Sir:—The case of Mrs. Katie Kiker is finally cured. “Two bottles and about one-third of a bottle on hand.”

I am fully prepared to say that your remedy is a success. No worse case than Kate Kiker’s can apply for relief. To my certain knowledge she had been eating opium for the last seventeen or eighteen years, and consumed from one to two drachms daily.

She has not taken any of the Antidote in three weeks, and has no disposition for opium.

Yours truly,

W. J. REEVES, M. D.

“I HAVE UNDERGONE A COMPLETE METAMORPHOSIS.”

LAKE, MISS., Nov. 21, 1872.

DR. SAMUEL B. COLLINS:

Dear Sir:—I feel it incumbent upon me, a duty, to make the following statement:

At first glance I shrank from the thought of giving publicity to my name under such circumstances, but after more mature reflection I concluded it folly to attempt to conceal from a strange world a weakness or deformity, the existence of which all one’s friends were fully apprised. Moreover, viewing the case from a moral stand-point, I thought it an earnest and solemn duty to add my mite to the universal flattering attestation of the genuineness and efficacy of your opium cure. I know how very thankful I feel myself to the hand that penned the lines which first led me to discover that such a remedy had been found. I had often wondered if such a thing could not be, but all my inquiries had been vain, till I came across, through the kindness of a lady friend, intelligence of your wonderful preparation. I must confess, that at first, like others, I had but little confidence in it, but further investigation and a thorough test have proved the falsity of my fears. Although yet a young man, just turned of thirty, I had used opium in its various forms for nearly seven years. A chronic disease had early fastened its fangs upon my vitals, and, like the vulture in the heart of Prometheus, was gradually consuming my life. Opiates were administered to arrest its progress and allay pain; their use became more and more essential, till finally opium became an absolute necessity of my existence. It were useless for me to recount the horrors of my experience. The same sufferings, the

same tortures, have been graphically delineated by abler pens than mine. DeQuincey, Coleridge, and other noble minds have told the world of their sorrows and trials; more recently the pungent and trenchant pen of Fitz Hugh Ludlow has astonished the American people by statistical information on the subject, giving some idea of the enormity of the extent to which the habit has attained in the United States. Suffice it to say, that during the long period of time in which I was a slave to this vile and insidious drug, my pathway was haunted by a spectral phantom, and the dearest and brightest hopes of my life withered and blasted. But I thank Heaven I found help in the extremity of my distress. I am cured. My health is good, my appetite good, I sleep well, and indeed in every respect I have undergone a complete metamorphosis. From the first dose of the first bottle of the Antidote I took, I have not used, and in fact had no desire to use, the drug. It braces and keeps the nervous system in equilibrium, seems to destroy, absolutely, all desire or craving for the drug, and is powerfully effective in repairing and invigorating the general health. Any one of ordinary intelligence can readily tell from its effects that there is not the slightest trace of opium in it. Every word I speak is positively true, and written with no object on earth save to endorse heartily and cheerfully my approval of one of the most useful discoveries of modern times in the medical world. It is written only for those who have suffered like myself, and to all such I earnestly suggest that they give it a fair test.

Very respectfully,

W. L. TOWNER.

“I KNOW I WAS CURED BY YOUR OPIUM ANTIDOTE.”

JACKSONVILLE, ILL., Nov. 29, 1872.

DR. S. B. COLLINS:

Dear Sir:—Yours of Nov 1 was received. You ask pardon for not keeping up your correspondence. I think I am the one to ask pardon. As I did not do as well in Crawfordsville, Ind., as I expected, I moved back to Jacksonville, Ill. I ought to have apprised you of it. I also ought to have let you know how I was progressing with your opium Antidote, towards the end of slavery. On the 24th day of July last I took my last dose of your Antidote, and have half of the last bottle left. I had no trouble whatever in quitting the Antidote. I have no desire for either the opium or the Antidote. I have not the language to thank you for what your Antidote has done for me. May God reward you ten-fold for your labor in relieving the suffering.

On the 11th day of December, 1859, I was caught in the machinery of a flouring mill. I was drawn through a seven-inch space, sixty revolutions per minute. Every rib in my left side was broken; my left arm was broken just above the wrist, and from the elbow to the shoulder was crushed into fine pieces; my breast bone and collar bone were broken; my left hip was dislocated, and my left foot was broken at the instep; also the ankle joint badly crushed; my eyes lay on my cheek, choked out by my neck handkerchief. This is not all the wounds I received then,

but it is enough; it looks unreasonable that one could be hurt so badly and live. I kept my bed two years; walked on crutches four years. My doctor gave me morphine at the time I was hurt. I do not blame him, for I could not have endured the dreadful suffering without it. After I had taken it two or three months, the doctor advised me to quit it. I said no; but promised after I got able to go about I would quit it. I did not know the nature of the stuff. I was not alarmed at the idea of taking opium until I had taken it about six years. I then saw I was a complete slave to the drug, which was killing me by inches. You would be surprised, and it would weary your patience, were I to tell you of the many different ways I tried to quit the use of opium. I consulted several doctors. Some said taper off. I tried it, but failed. Some said they never knew any one to quit it, after using it as long as I had. Others said quit right square off. They might as well have told me to hold my hand in the fire until it fell from my arm. After all my many trials to quit, and meeting with such advice from the best doctors that could be found, I gave up in despair knowing that it could not be long until death would relieve me from a bondage worse than the grave. I have been as many as nine days without an operation.

In the midst of my greatest despair my daughter handed me a paper, (I think it was the *Chicago Times*,) pointing to a letter written by a gentleman that had been an opium eater. He had heard there was an opium cure gotten up by Fitz Hugh Ludlow; therefore he wrote to Ludlow, but received no answer. He then wrote one or two letters to the Easy Chair of *Harper's Magazine*, but no attention was paid to his letters. After he had given up all hopes, a friend laid a pamphlet on the table before him. There he found that one Dr. S. B. Collins, of La Porte, Ind., was the man who had found a painless cure for the opium habit. When I read this letter my hopes revived. I immediately wrote to Dr. S. B. Collins; he answered my letter, also sent me a pamphlet with several references. I could not doubt; I sent for the Antidote. I was like a drowning man, ready to grasp at any straw. After taking the first dose of the Antidote I was convinced that I had got a longer lease of my life; that I was on the road to life and freedom. The happy faces of my wife and children, and their rejoicing in the victory I have gained over opium by the use of your Antidote, alone, more than pays me for all the money I paid for the Antidote. I received a pamphlet from this rival of yours—I forgot his name. From the reading of it one would think you or your Antidote had never cured any one of taking opium. I am like the man that was born blind, but restored to sight by our Saviour; *I know that I was a slave to opium over twelve years. I also know that I was cured by your Opium Antidote, and nothing else.* Doctor, I send you this letter of my own free will. Make whatever use of it may suit you.

Your sincere and true friend,

S. P. GUIN.

NO FURTHER NEED OF THE ANTIDOTE.

RENSSELAER, IND., July, 30, 1873.

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Ind.:

Dear Sir:—Yours of the 25th inst. is at hand. Would say my health has never been better in my life. Weight 156 pounds avoirdupois. Have dispensed with your opium Antidote for about four months. My experience in relinquishing the accursed habit of using opium has been so different from most of your published cases, I doubt whether the details would be of advantage to you or your patients. It was about eighteen months after I commenced using the Antidote before I felt entirely relieved. It is true, I did not follow your directions implicitly, for, after using it about nine months, I increased the intervals between doses to three times per day, and, after awhile, to twice a day, and finally to one dose on going to bed at night, and, in February last, I went to bed one night without it, intending, if I should become restless, to take a dose in the night, but was surprised when I dropped asleep soon after retiring, and slept as soundly as an infant until nearly morning. When I awoke I was somewhat restless, and took a dose of pepper tea, and slept well until morning. Did not use any for several days, but about that time I took the cold, or influenza, that was prevalent here last winter, with a cough that annoyed me of nights, and then I would take a dose, which would relieve me in a few minutes. Since I recovered from this cough, I have felt no further need of your Antidote. I now have better health than I have had for twenty years. Have also abandoned the use of tobacco. Hoping for your continued success in your mission, and general prosperity, I remain,

Yours truly,

D. J. JACKSON.

Amount of opium used per month, 1200 grains; cured since February, 1873.

"YOU HAVE CURED ME."

FRANKLIN, GA., Jan. 20, 1875.

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Ind.:

Dear Sir:—It affords me great pleasure to say to you that you have cured me of eating opium. I had been eating it about three years. I used your Antidote about three months. I have used neither the Antidote nor any morphine in about three months, and now have no desire for either.

Very respectfully,

MOLLIE E. DUKE.

P. S.—You can use the above in any way you please.

Amount of opium used per month, 1200 grains; cured since October, 1874.

CAN RECOMMEND THE ANTIDOTE.

BRAYTONVILLE, NORTH ADAMS CO., MASS. }
March 2, 1873. }

DR. S. B. COLLINS:

Dear Sir:—I received your letter wishing to know how I get along. I am feeling well, and have gained a number of pounds in the last six weeks. I can recommend your Antidote and wish every opium eater knew the value of it as I do. You may use my name, if you wish, if it will do any good. I wrote to you, six weeks ago, to inform you how I was getting along, but, owing to my carelessness, the letter went to the Dead Letter office, and was returned to me a few days ago.

Yours respectfully,

JOSEPH COOPER.

“GREATEST DISCOVERY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.”

IRONTON, Mo., Nov. 11, 1872.

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Ind.:

Dear Sir:—Yours of the 1st inst. at hand. I am happy to inform you that I am not among the neglected ones. * * * *

* When I took the ninth bottle of your Antidote, which was in July, believing the morphine was pretty much out of the system, I stopped taking medicine of any kind, and experienced no difficulty, no desire for morphine. * * * * It might be of some advantage to you to send me a few of your *Theriaki* magazines. My general health is pretty good, even *better* than when I began the noxious practice of taking morphine. Appetite good * * * I feel I cannot speak too highly of your Antidote. It has done for me more than you said it would do. In medicine it is the greatest discovery of the nineteenth century. Use my recommendation as you wish.

Respectfully,

JOHN DONALDSON.

Amount of opium used per month, 840 grains; cured since July, 1872.

“THE ONLY CURE FOR OPIUM EATERS.”

TAHLEQUAH, C. N., IND. TER. }
July 20th, 1873. }

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Ind.:

Dear Sir:—Four years ago I fell from a building in this place. I was considered used up by the fall. As it happened, no bones were broken. The first thing the doctor gave me was opium, and the last, morphine. I lay in bed seven weeks. During that time I took a dose of morphine every night. At the end of seven weeks I was able to get around. The doctor told me I would better quit the morphine. He might as well have

told me to fly to the moon. I happened to see in *The Banner of Light*, a paper published in Boston, Mass., an advertisement of your Antidote. I told some of my friends I was going to send for it. They all cried out "humbug" and "catch-penny." They nearly put me out of the notion, until my wife encouraged me to send for it. You thought it would take nine months to cure me, so I sent for nine bottles. After taking three bottles I found I could get along without taking any more. I commenced gaining weight as soon as I began taking the Antidote, and feel better than I felt for four years. I believe your Antidote is the only cure for Opium eaters in the United States. Believing that this statement may be of some benefit to those afflicted as I have been, I want you to publish it.

Very respectfully,

JAMES S. PRICE.

Amount of Opium used per month, 480 grains; cured since July, 1873.

"THE ANTIDOTE HAS SAVED MY LIFE."

MECHANICSVILLE, N. Y., Sept. 10. 1873.

Dr. S. B. COLLINS, La Porte Ind.:

Dear Sir:—Your last favor is just received. Will say in reply I am very much improved in every respect, have gained many pounds in flesh, and feel better than I have for years. Have just returned home from a two months' visit, and my friends hardly recognize me, so great is the change in my appearance.

I received your first letter while away, but could not make a statement of the facts then. Will do so very soon, and send to you.

I feel that the Antidote has saved my life, and I owe you much. As far as my influence goes, I shall use it for your remedy, and feel that even then you will not be rewarded for your good work.

I thank God every day for my redemption, and ask his blessing to rest upon you.

Yours, with a great deal of gratitude,

SARAH J. HEWITT.

Amount of Opium used per month, 1440 grains; cured since July, 1873.

"HAPPIEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD."

ROCHESTER N. Y., August 6, 1874.

Dr. S. B. COLLINS, La Porte, Ind.:

Dear Sir:—I feel it is no more than an act of justice and right that I should acknowledge the great benefit I have received from your opium Antidote. I had taken morphine about three years when I first heard of your Antidote. I had not much faith at first, for I had come to the

conclusion that there was no cure for the awful habit, but I thank God I was mistaken. There is a sure cure, and that is your opium Antidote. I have taken it about nine months, and am the happiest woman in the world, for I am entirely cured.

JULIA A. CASTER,

STATE OF NEW YORK, MONROE COUNTY. }
CITY OF ROCHESTER. } ss.

Julia A. Caster, being duly sworn, says: That she made the foregoing certificate, and the same is in all respects true.

Sworn to before me this 7th day of August, 1874.

H. SARGENT,
Notary Public.

Amount of opium used per month, 240 grains; cured since May, 1874.

RE-AFFIRMS HIS TESTIMONY.

OFFICE OF THE SURGEON - IN - CHARGE, }
PORT OF ST. LOUIS, Mo., Aug. 8, 1876. }

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Ind.:

Sir:—Since the report of my case in your journal, I have been the recipient of hundreds of letters from invalids distributed throughout the United States, and, it seems to me, residents of most of the cities and counties of nearly every state in the Union. The writers are usually intelligent and educated persons, who, through disease and the doctors, have fallen martyrs to the opium habit. In these letters to me they, very inconsistently, say they have read my communication published by you, and they desire to know from me, directly, if the said article be authentic and true, and that, if I will so inform them by letter, they will have confidence in your cure, and apply to you for treatment. I am a stranger to all the above sufferers, male and female, and cannot understand *why* or *how* they can confide more implicitly in a mere letter to a person unknown to me, than they can rely upon one more carefully prepared for the press, and intended *pro bono publico*.

Nearly every one who thus unreasonably taxes my time desires a minute history of my case, and a statement of all the cases I have known to be treated by you. Until last week, my sympathy with the afflicted had induced me to answer all of said letters; but one then received capped the climax of unreasonableness by questions, the answers to which would require the space of a dozen sheets of foolscap, and it wearied me into the vexation of spirit that exacts this epistle as a retreat from further intrusion, and a *dernier resort* for relief from unreasonable questions and importunities. The letter you so long ago published over my name was written in good faith by me, and was a faithful description of my case, and a full history of the cure effected by you, and it should fully satisfy any stranger who could be convinced by letter.

The relief your medicine afforded me, and the complete cure accomplished in my case, and, also, in the instances of numerous friends, and multitudes of strangers referred by me to you, placed me under obligations that money could not, in my estimation, fully satisfy. My published letter was, therefore, volunteered as a sense of gratitude, and not in compliance with any previous promise from me, nor in response to any request from you, for you had not, nor have you now, made one.

In conclusion, I desire to say through you to your patrons that I never have seen you, and that our only acquaintance with each other is through our correspondence relative to your treatment.

Very truly, etc.,

GEO. T. ALLEN, M. D.

Surgeon-in-Charge.

PERFECT, COMPLETE, PLEASANT AND SUBSTANTIAL.

ALTOONA, ILL., May 13, 1873.

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Ind.:

Dear Friend:—Permit me, for the benefit of some unfortunate human being that has had the bad luck to get into the habit of taking opium or morphine daily, as a stimulant or otherwise, to state the facts as they exist in my own case.

In the spring of 1868, I, for the first time, was attacked with inflammatory rheumatism. My physicians prescribed morphine to allay pain. It was taken from time to time until it became a habit. Even then I did not dream or think of the danger I was in until I had taken it nearly one entire year. Then I discovered that the habit was fastened on me—that I was completely a slave—bound down in chains tighter than the most miserable convict in state prison—a slave to a habit that was so completely my master it was utterly impossible to break it off—something so completely beyond my control that I had but two results to look for: first, to continue to take the morphine for a short time longer, suffering all the horrors and torture both of mind and body that humanity could bear; then to die the death of delirium tremens. The whole tendency of the habit seems to produce the same effect as that of alcoholic stimulants in that particular direction. Death seemed to be the only relief for me, and that seemed so horrible it almost brought on madness. I could not give up without making many desperate efforts to quit taking the morphine.

I consulted many of the best physicians in the United States on the subject to no profit. I placed myself under the treatment and medical care of the ablest physicians that could be found in my own state, as well as those of eminence and reputation in other states. In spite of this, to

stop taking morphine, under the best treatment I could get, was worse than death. All the stimulants that I could take amounted to just nothing at all, and when I saw the advertisement of Dr. S. B. Collins' Painless Cure for the opium habit, in the *Eclectic Medical Journal*, I had but very little confidence in it. A drowning man will catch at a straw. I sent and got a bottle of the Antidote. The first teaspoonful that I took proved to me that it was just what it purported to be—a painless Antidote to the opium habit. Permit me to say one thing more—Opium and its various preparations poison the system, and breaks down the nervous forces of the body. Dr. S. B. Collins' Opium Antidote is a medicine that completely and promptly cures those conditions. It is in every way healthy and good—a perfect, complete, pleasant and substantial cure for the opium habit. It saved my life, and cured the habit in my case.

The above statement is the facts as they exist in my case.

JAMES HANLEY,

Post-office box 125, Altoona, Ill.

Amount of opium used per month, 1080 grains; cured Dec., 1872.

“WONDERFUL BOON.”

COTILE LANDING, RED RIVER, LA., }
Feb. 4, 1874. }

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Ind.:

Dear Sir:—Since receiving, a few days ago, your circular letter cautioning me against a party in Chicago soliciting patronage for an article called “Antopium,” I have purposely delayed its acknowledgment, awaiting arrivals of the imposter’s advertisement, not *yet* received. Should it come, I shall consider it my duty to you, and sufferers from the opium habit throughout the country, to express plainly to the author of it my conviction of his rascality.

In this connection, permit me to express my heartfelt gratitude for the discovery and prescription by you of your wonderful remedy, the eighth, and I trust *last* bottle, of which I am using at the rate of one teaspoonful a day, cured to that extent to a certainty, of the necessity of taking, (for three years previous to commencing, in June last, the use of your remedy) eight grains of morphine daily, and finding myself feeling incomparably better than ever I did under the influence of the latter, with new life, new energies and a perfect restoration to my normal, healthy condition. From the day I left off morphine, and commenced using your medicine, I have never lost a day’s business nor a night’s sleep, and what little nervous irritability I experienced for the first few days after

renouncing morphine was more than compensated for in the conscious enjoyment of new life and energy. Regarding you as the only discoverer and possessor of the secret of compounding this wonderful boon to the unfortunate victims of the opium habit, I feel it my duty, to them and to you, to authorize you, *unsolicited by you*, to add, if you choose, *this* to other published testimonials of the hundreds of redeemed ones who have arisen to "call you blessed."

Respectfully and gratefully yours,

JACOB HARDY.

Amount of opium used per month, 1920 grains; cured since March, 1874.

"IS JUST WHAT YOU CLAIM FOR IT."

BENTWOOD, WILLIAMS Co., Miss., }
April 10, 1874. }

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Ind.:

Dear Sir—I owe you an apology for not writing sooner, and letting you know how I came out with your opium Antidote. It has been about six months since I quit using the Antidote, and I am now all right, and have been ever since I quit, in fact, ever since I commenced using it. My health is about as good as it was before I had the rheumatism, which caused me to form the habit of using morphine. I feel very thankful that I ever learned of your Antidote, and I am free to confess that I thought it was a humbug, but as drowning men will catch at a straw, I concluded to try it, and I can now say that it is no humbug, but it is just what you claim for it—a complete antidote for the habit of opium eating.

You can use my name in connection with this if you wish.

Yours truly,

H. ZELLNER.

Amount of opium used per month, 720 grains; cured since December, 1871.

"GRAND RESULT OF THE ANTIDOTE."

SHELBYVILLE, IND, Jan. 31, 1874.

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Ind.:

Dear Sir—It is with a sense of duty, as well as pleasure, that I seat myself to inform you of the grand result of the Antidote. It has accomplished its mission, and finished the work it was sent to perform. The doubts and fears of my friends have all vanished, and I am feeling quite comfortable in my new state. I should have written ere this, but, wishing to be sure, I deferred until the present time; and, being now fully convinced, I hasten to inform you of the good news. But here, Doctor, let me confess, that, had I followed the directions closely, as I should have done, I would have enjoyed my health much sooner. I

fancied last summer that the Antidote was too strong for my stomach, and, to satisfy this fancy, I dropped two doses per day, under which I felt quite comfortable, but at the same time it was not sufficient to remove the poisonous effects of the drug, and here, I think, I lost time. But with all my neglect it has slowly but surely done its work. I have number eight on hand as a keepsake. Doctor, my pen fails to convey to you an idea of the debt of gratitude I owe. May Heaven protect and preserve you to a ripe age, that your usefulness may be accessible to all; and especially to those poor slaves who are yet under the curse of Opium. May they come and be saved; yes, there is nothing surer that they will be, provided the rules are strictly complied with. And now, Doctor, I will close, as I have already consumed too much of your time, by saying to you that I am perfectly satisfied with the result. It (I mean the Antidote) has done for me all it claimed to do. If this statement will be any benefit, you are at perfect liberty to use it.

Yours respectfully,

T. W. ENDICOTT.

Amount of Opium used per month, 480 grains; cured since July, 1872.

FREE FROM THE THRALLDOM.

GRAYVILLE, ILL, October 20, 1873.

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Ind.:

Dear Sir:—I wish to add my testimony to the value of your Opium Cure. Upon the 12th of January, 1872, my wife's birthday, she being 52 years old at the time, she commenced taking the Antidote, and after taking the first dose lost the desire for morphine, which she had been taking for upwards of twenty-five years, although she never abused the use of it by increasing the doses, but always endeavored to use only a certain amount. She is now in better health than she has been for years, and if it had not been for a badly fractured leg, from which she was suffering at the time she commenced taking your Opium Antidote, she would be as active as any young woman. She said, at the time, if you could cure her, old and enfeebled in health as she then was, you certainly could cure any one. She thanks God, and you, his instrument, for effecting her cure, and setting her free from the thralldom of a narcotic, which she can not abuse, as some of your correspondents do, for the reason that she thinks, with Dr. Gunn, it is a heavenly medicine, if rightly used in proper places: but she has no desire for further use of it.

We remain gratefully yours,

THOMAS AND FANNY MOSS.

P. S.—You are at liberty to use this in any way you think proper.

Amount of Opium used per month, 1800 grains; cured since September, 1873.

PERFORMED MORE THAN IS CLAIMED FOR IT.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND., Jan. 29, 1874.

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Ind.:

Dear Sir:—In answer to your request, I will just write in relation to my case, and the curative qualities of your Antidote. I will say it is all, nay, more than, you can possibly say for it: tongue cannot express the sweet comforts and peace I have enjoyed since commencing your Antidote. I had only taken a little over one-half of what I was to take, when it cured me entirely, and I have never had any desire for the use of Morphine or Antidote since. It has even helped my general health, and I feel like a new person, and can say it performs all that is claimed for it, and in my case a great deal more. Excuse my negligence for not answering sooner, and accept my most heartfelt thanks for your good medicine.

Respectfully yours,

HARRIET TOWNSLEY.

Amount of Opium used per month, 240 grains; cured since October, 1873.

"CLEARLY AN INTERPOSITION OF PROVIDENCE."

GREENVILLE, ILL., March 19, 1874.

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Ind.:

Dear Doctor:—I take great pleasure in informing you that I have no further use for your Opium Antidote, or Opium either, for the simple reason that I am *cured*, sound in body and mind, appetite good, sleep soundly, and have gained my usual weight in flesh. You recollect I made a mistake, when I first wrote you, in the amount of Morphine used daily, and consequently the first bottle did not answer at first, but did well afterwards. That mistake corrected, and receiving the second one about January 1, 1873, I commenced its use according to directions, and have felt no desire for Opium from that day to this, no ill effects from its use, and no inconvenience from its discontinuance. I used in all ten or eleven bottles, I disremember which. I am persuaded that the use of tobacco prolongs the treatment, as well as alcoholic stimulants. I judge that five or six bottles would have sufficed in my case, had I not been addicted to the former. I would say that it is of prime importance to be exact in the amount of Opium used in a given time—not guess at it, but weigh the amount; this I know from experience: If we had a specific for all diseases as perfect as your Antidote for Opium, what a glorious calling the physicians would have.

I had been using Morphine occasionally for ten years—for the last six, three times per day, increasing the amount, but had not gone beyond six grains. Could not keep awake during the day if I took it, nor sleep at night without it; no relish for food, emaciation, constipation of the bowels, paralysis of kidneys and bladder, in fact, all the secretions of the body arrested, except that of the skin, and that was *profuse*. But

you have in former letters my condition more fully explained, when applying to you. That I ever heard of, or was induced to try your remedy, I think was clearly an interposition of Providence, or accidental—if you prefer it. At all events, I feel as though I had been rescued from a course whose alternate end was more dreadful and appalling than death itself.

It is now nearly three months since I have taken any of the Antidote, and have waited this long to be sure, before writing, that I was cured. I shall always take great pleasure in recommending it to others, as opportunity offers. In conclusion, let me say that if you deem anything in my case worthy of publication, I have no objections to its being made.

Yours most respectfully,

Wm. P. BROWN, M. D.

Amount of Opium used per month, 1440 grains; cured since Jan., 1874.

“I WAS A WALKING SKELETON.”

Dr. Patterson, a graduate of the University of Aberdeen, Scotland, and for many years a practitioner of medicine, thus gives his testimony:

ROCKPORT, IND., May 12, 1871.

DR. S. B. COLLINS:

Dear Sir :—Since I left the army I have suffered with rheumatism. Dr. Mihner, a medical friend, used on me the hypodermic syringe. It relieved me. I used it until I became a victim of the opium habit. After the use of the syringe about two years, it required 10 to 12 grains per day. My wife would get up at all hours of the night and use the syringe on me. My health suffered so much that I was confined to my room, and at last to my bed. I could not eat until I used the morphine. My nervous system was a total wreck. I had but one operation from the bowels in seven days, and then by the use of Davidson's bowel syringe. I was a walking skeleton; no appetite; low spirits. I tried everything as an antidote—at one time poisoned myself with belladonna.

A friend, knowing my ultra views in regard to secret remedies, sent me your pamphlet. A drowning man will catch at a straw. I sent for a bottle of the Antidote; took one dose, followed directions blindly, and have never used morphia since; and, what astonishes me, *have had no desire!* I have not yet taken two bottles. My health is good. I get up in the morning and eat my breakfast. I sleep well, gaining in flesh. My friends are all astonished to see me. I have now resumed business, and have no desire for morphia whatever.

During the practice of twenty years, I have seen the strong minded become the slaves of this unfortunate habit. I have known some of the best minds in Europe and America destroyed by its use; but I thank

God to-day that I can say, Eureka! Doctor, you can use this testimony if you wish. If it should be the means of saving some poor soul from the terrible Opium Habit, I shall be truly glad. You, my dear sir, have my sincere thanks for your promptness in sending me the medicine. The profession owes you a debt that we can never pay.

Respectfully yours,

JOHN J. PATTERSON.

STATE OF INDIANA, } ss.
SPENCER COUNTY.

I, J. W. Laird, Clerk of the Spencer County Circuit Court, do certify that the above named Dr. John J. Patterson, whose genuine signature appears to the foregoing instrument, and with whom I am personally acquainted, is a respectable physician of Rockport, in said county, and that he is entitled to credit as said physician and as a private citizen.

In testimony of which I hereunto set my
{ SEAL OF CIRCUIT COURT } hand and affix the seal of said Court this
{ OF SPENCER COUNTY. } 12th day of May, 1871.

J. W. LAIRD, Clerk.

Amount of Opium used per month, 2880 grains; cured since March, 1871.

“ONE BOTTLE OF IT CURED ME.”

SACRAMENTO, CAL., Nov. 15, 1876.

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Ind.:

Dear Sir:—I received your letter, and also paper. And as for the medicine, one bottle of it cured me before the second one arrived. If my name will be of any use to you in your business, you may use it with pleasure.

Yours respectfully,

MISS ELLA MORAN.

A TESTIMONIAL AND A REFERENCE.

MONTICELLO, S. C., August 31, 1876.

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Ind.:

Dear Sir:—I should certainly take, not only great pleasure, but even delight in writing you. * * * I will therefore tax your patience with a few particulars only.

In the first place, I am happy to inform you that I do not need any more of your Antidote. I have two-thirds of your last bottle left, and, thanks to God and yourself, was never freer from morphia, nor in better health in all my life than I now am. The merit of the cure is as entirely yours as if I had taken twenty bottles; for have I not told you

that, but for the help of your medicine, I never could have conquered the habit. And, more than that, I do not believe there is one in a thousand that can quit the habit without help, and none as good as yours. *

* * * If, in order to promote your interest, it is necessary to send you a certificate of what I say, I will do so, but it is very inconvenient, as I would have to ride fifteen miles to Winnsboro, and you may guess how I am on that, when I would not do so to procure medicine, and had not a dollar in the world. If you are still doubtful, I would recommend that you write to Dr. F. C. Hutchinson. * * He will not only interest you generally, but will verify what I have written to you to the letter.

* * With greatful remembrance, I inscribe myself,

Yours truly,

PHIL. P. PEARSON.

TO THOSE WHO ARE SEEKING FOR MORE LIGHT.

The great majority of regularly educated physicians have always admitted their inability to cure the Opium Habit, and have, with wonderful unanimity, freely acknowledged that in Dr. S. B. Collins' Discovery, in 1868, is to be found a painless, permanent and certain cure for the terrible disease. Occasionally, some *purchaser of a diploma* rises to explain that my Antidote is a dangerous compound, and solemnly advises all persons to have nothing to do with me or my remedy. If the victims of the drug, to whom such advice comes, usually unsolicited, would remember that the very physician who so freely gives his advice does not claim even to be able to mitigate the horrors of the disease, and yet continues, day by day, to make new opium eaters by his constant and ignorant use of the drug, said advice would not be considered worth very much. Nearly all regular physicians are bitterly opposed to patent medicines and secret remedies, believing that most of them at least do much harm. To this opinion I by no means dissent, the belief being well founded. My Antidote is not, however, a patent medicine nor an empirical remedy. It cannot be procured at the drug stores, nor does the medicine have the desired effect when used by any person save the one for whom it is compounded. The Antidote is only prepared upon a full understanding of the case to be treated, a careful diagnosis always being required—and each supply of the medicine is as much a *special prescription* as any prescription made by any physician.

Designing parties have industriously circulated the statement that my medicine is not as efficacious as it used to be, that I prolong the treat-

ment of my patients as much as possible in order to get their money, and that the medicine does not now accomplish any cures. The parties who make these false statements dispense a solution of aromatic sulphuric acid and morphia, which they call an "Antidote," and which is a success in removing the coating of the stomach, and their only object in making such statements is to cause the patient to become dissatisfied with my treatment, and, naturally, become patients of these imitators. Many of my patients have thus been deceived, the color of the abominable mixture being so nearly like the color of my Antidote as to aid in the deception, and, after being treated by these swindlers for eighteen months, or two years, have come back to me very much worse opium eaters than before, with health and money forever gone.

With just such a mixture as that, these parties keep the poor sufferer along month after month, promising that "one bottle more will effect your cure," until finally the victim discovers the heartless imposition, and applies to me for aid. My Antidote is just as efficacious to-day as it ever was, is compounded with the same extreme caution by *myself*, and each patient is cured in the shortest possible time. That cures are being effected all the time by my medicine, and even more, of late, than formerly, will fully appear from an examination of the evidence published elsewhere.

Viewed in any light, it is vastly to my interest to cure a patient in the shortest possible time. I would rather have your statement that you were made sound and well in a reasonable length of time, by the use of my Antidote, than all the money you would ever pay me, for that statement alone would probably bring me a half a dozen patients. The field is wide, and I have no fear of healing all the poor victims and then having no business to do, for, cure them as fast as I may, these very physicians who tell you there is no remedy for the Opium Habit go on making opium eaters faster than I can heal them.

On the preceding pages (12 to 20, and 34 to 68, inclusive,) will be found the testimonials of a few of the many whom I have cured. Many who have been redeemed from the habit shrink from publicity, declining to give permission to use their names. On the pages immediately following, I give references to over one hundred individuals who have tested the virtues and merits of my medicine.

The post-office address of each person mentioned and cited is stated, so that he or she may be reached by letter. It is probable some have changed their places of residence, others may have died, and it is possible a few may have returned to the drug. But in every case the orig-

inal *bona fide* testimonial of the individual is on file in my office, and open to the inspection of any person honestly seeking a knowledge of the facts.

This is the testimony, these the "great cloud of witnesses," to which I would appeal to prove that my Antidote is all I claim, and that, in prescribing it, I am not, like certain nostrum-mongers, experimenting on the lives of my patients.

FREED FROM THE POISON.

SULPHUR SPRINGS, WILLIAMSON Co., ILL., }
April 28, 1878. }

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Ind.:

This is to certify that, two years ago, I became an opium eater, it taking twenty-five grains of gum opium per day to sustain me; and that, through the will of God, on the 16th day of September, 1877, I obtained four months' supply of your Opium Antidote, using the same till the 28th day of January, 1878, when I was free from the poison, for I consider it a deadly poison. I would recommend its use to all who are taking this enemy of mankind—to wit, opium or morphine.

You are at liberty to correct mistakes, and publish this, if you wish.

Yours,

E. G. CREAL.

REPEATS HER FORMER TESTIMONY.

EVANSVILLE, WISCONSIN, May 17, 1878.

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Ind.:

Dear Sir:—I can repeat what I said in my testimony, several years ago, that I sincerely believe your Antidote to be a sure cure for the Opium Habit, if taken as directed. I do not use opium in any form, nor do I intend to let it get dominion over me again, since you have, through the mercy of God, saved me from it.

Respectfully,

SOPHRONIA PALMER.

A REMEDY

THAT HAS STOOD THE TEST OF TIME.

THE ONLY CURE FOR THE OPIUM HABIT.

ILLINOIS.

Wm. P. Brown, Greenville, March 10, '74.
 H. C. J. Clark, Grayville, Oct. 27, 1873.
 S. P. Guin, Jacksonville, Nov. 29, 1872.
 Charles Green, Tallula, Jan. 8, 1877.
 Amy R. Green, Dwight, Dec. 26, 1876.
 George C. Howe, Knoxville.
 Thomas Moss, Grayville, Aug. 20; 1872.
 W. Sanderson, Prophetstown, Dec. 5, 1872.
 Mrs. P. P. Sanderson, " "
 E. G. Creal, Sulphur Springs, Dec. 1877.
 J. A. Beals, Piper City, April, 1871.
 Mrs. M. J. Yearing, Arlington, Oct. 1871.
 Mrs. Lucinda Evans, Chandlerville, Oct. 1870.
 D. S. French, Griggsville, Feb. 1871.
 James Hanley, Altoona.
 Lawrence H. Hudson, Springfield, 1877.

VIRGINIA.

James S. Brown, M. D., Suffolk, 1872.
 C. H. Williams, Portsmouth, Sept. 6, 1875.
 J. T. Patton, Fairfield, March 1876.
 B. J. McDonald, Winchestr, Jan. 1878.
 C. C. Strayer, Harrisonburg, July 1871.
 Mrs. J. C. Hatton, Richmond.

OHIO.

Mrs. Jennie D. Bracken, Jersey, Jan. 2, 1877.
 B. B. DePeyster, Kent, Jan. 20, 1874.
 Wm. Sheffield, Napoleon, Dec. 10, 1874.
 J. Jay Will, Piqua, Oct. 28, 1875.
 Thursa Rice, Marblehead, 1876.
 J. H. Hoffman, Bucyrus, 1875.
 Mrs. J. W. Crouse, Lima, 1875.
 James U. Stewart, Dayton, 1873.
 Mrs. D. B. Alger, West Richfield, 1877.
 Mrs. L. N. Lott, Newark, 1877.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Mrs. H. S. Brown, Factoryville, Sept. 8, 1873.
 Mary Ebenhouse, McKean, April 11, 1876.
 Mrs. E. A. Hamilton, Brookland, May 19, 1875.
 Cornelius T. Smith, Edinborough.
 Hannah Brown, Berwick, 1876.
 Dr. Chas. H. Hoesler, 2009 Arch St., Philadelphia, 1871.
 Jno. S Gibson, Philadelphia, box 1848, 1877.

MICHIGAN.

Joseph C Darrow, Medina, April 18, 1869.
 Carlie Edson, Hart, Dec. 12, 1873.
 Daniel Munger, Grass Lake, Oct. 29, 1875.
 Hamilton Jones, Grand Haven, 1877.
 Mrs. Frankie Jacobs, 31 Caledonia St., Grand Rapids, 1878.

CALIFORNIA.

Mrs. George Hobson, San Jose, Nov. 6, 1875.
 G. A. Townsend, SanFrancisco, 1871.
 W. H. Farwell, Saratoga, 1873.
 Miss Ella Moran, Sacramento, 1873.

TENNESSEE.

T. R. Leonard, Jalapa, 1870.
 H. Zellner, Brentwood, April 10, 1874.
 Mrs. Louisa J. Dodson, Colliersville, 1876.

INDIANA.

T. M. Endicott, Shelbyville, Jan. 31, 1874.
 Dr. W. Hayes, Pierceton, March 17, 1874.
 Luman Jones, Marietta, Nov. 26, 1872.
 D. J. Jackson, Rennselaer, July 30, 1873.
 John McLain, Union Mills, June 1, 1872.
 Robert McNeil, Pierceton, Nov. 7, 1873.
 H. Townsley, Crawfordsville, Jan. 20, 1874.
 T. M. Worthington, LaFayette, Dec. 20, 1876.
 William Thomas, Butler, 1876.
 William C. Mullin, Rockfield.
 Dr. J. J. Patterson, Rockport,
 James Miller, Elkhart, 1874.
 S. Layton, Indianapolis, Jan. 13, 1873.
 A. P. Andrew, Jr., LaPorte, 1869.
 Chas. A. Smith, LaPorte, 1877.
 Frederick West, LaPorte, 1878.

MISSISSIPPI.

W. L. Towner, Lake Station, Nov. 21, 1872.
 Joshua R. Smith, Meridian.
 Mrs. M. E Gresham, Forest, 1876.

WISCONSIN.

Sophronia Palmer, Evansville, April 8, 1874.
 J. W. Carhart, Appleton, 1874.
 Calvin Robertson, Beloit.
 C. R. Tyler, Green Bay, Jan. 1872.

TEXAS.

H. D. Phillips, Atlanta, Feb. 29, 1876.
 W. A. Tuttle, Canton, Nov. 18, 1875.
 Benjamin W. Webb, Marshall, Sept. 9, 1875.
 Jessie J. Watkins, Douglass

IOWA.

Martin Neff, Clarinda, April 14, 1874.
 B. B. Reynolds, DeSoto.
 L. S. Spitler, Danville, June 3, 1876.
 Joseph Coler, Nashau, February 21, 1874.
 Chas. D. Manning, Comanche.
 Mrs. Mattie D. Smith, DesMoines, 1877.
 Mrs. Callis Canada, Montezuma, April 1871.
 Mrs. Mahala Long, South English, 1878.
 Sarah J. Sargent, Correctionville, 1874.
 John and Barbara Whisler, Danville, 1876.
 Mrs. S. E. Brubaker, Clarinda, 1878.

VERMONT.

L. Fassett, West Enosburg, May 25, 1876.
 James Whitney, Bristol, Jan. 1, 1876.
 Martin P. Rice, Westford,
 Zelpha S. Brooks, St. Johnsbury, Aug. 1871.

WEST VIRGINIA.

A. G. Pickett, Grafton, July 25, 1876.

NEW YORK.

Julia A. Caster, Rochester, Aug. 6, 1874.
 Nash Dyke, West Bangor, April 30, 1874.
 R. C. Hall, Groton.
 D. McClure, Franklinsville, Dec. 30, 1875.
 Mrs. Levi McNall, Allegany, Dec. 29, 1876.
 Marcus P. Norton, Troy, Jan. 10, 1874.
 Peter Cooper, Franklinville, 1877.
 Charles H. Leonard, Brooklyn, 1876.
 M. Brandon, Hornellsville, 1876.
 Charles W. Hubbard, Watertown, 1877.
 Lizzie J. Lansell, AuSable Forks,
 Mary Ream, Rochester, 1875.
 Sarah J. Hewitt, Mechanicsville, 1875.
 C. L. Kinney, McGrawville, March, 1871.
 H. Sargent, Rochester.
 George Knowlton, Syracuse, 1877.
 James Chase, Ischua, 1875.

KANSAS.

Mrs. S. H. Cummings, Topeka.

GEORGIA.

Jas. J. Butts, M. D., Marietta, Nov. 6, 1873
 Mollie E. Duke, Franklin, Jan. 20, 1875.
 W. J. Reeves, M. D., Calhoun, Aug. 18, 1874.
 R. C. Roberson, Atlanta, March 1, 1876.
 J. T. Allen, Carrs Station, Jan. 7, 1877.
 Mrs. Katie Kiker, Calhoun, 1874.
 J. B. Churchill, Yellow River, 1874.
 Mrs. J. T. Couch, Grantville, 1875.

Mrs. Dr. A. P. Brown, Atlanta, 1873.
 Judge James D. Russ, Butler, 1877.
 W. P. Caldwell, Butler, 1877.
 Mrs. J. W. Ragland, LaGrange.

KENTUCKY.

Susan A. Bibb, Greensburg, Jan. 6, 1876.
 M. H. Cofer, Elizabethtown, 1874.
 Eliza A. Frizell, Russelville, 1873.
 E. T. Sturgeon, Louisville, August 1873.
 Rev. R. B. Trimble, Mayfield, 1877.

MISSOURI.

John Donaldson, Ironton, Nov. 11, 1872.
 J. B. Howard, M. D., St. Joseph, Jan. 20, '70.
 E. H. Spaulding, Kansas City, Sept. 6, 1874.
 Dr. George T. Allen, St. Louis.

ALABAMA.

B. F. Cannon, Marion, October 26, 1874.
 Frank A. Hervey, Montgomery, July 10, 1875.
 J. W. Mooreland, Brush Creek, Sept. 6, 1875.
 George W. Foster, Florence, 1877.
 J. J. Gibson, Moulton, 1877.

RHODE ISLAND.

Elisha C. Clarke, Kingston, Feb. 1, 1874.

CANADA.

Jno. Darling, Wallaceburg, 1873.

LOUISIANA.

Jacob Hardy, Cotile Landing, Red River,
 February 4, 1876

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Phil P. Pearson, Monticello, 1875.

CONNECTICUT.

J. B. Blair 28 Crown Street, New Haven,
 December 9, 1874.

ARKANSAS.

J. R. Henry, M. D., Moark, Jan. 30, 1877.
 A. P. Scarlett, Atkins, 1877.
 Adam Cloninger, Atkins, 1877.

MASSACHUSETTS.

R. A. Norcross, Worcester, 1876.
 Joseph Cooper, Braytonville, 1872.

OREGON.

Janette H. Campbell, Portland, 1877.

COLORADO.

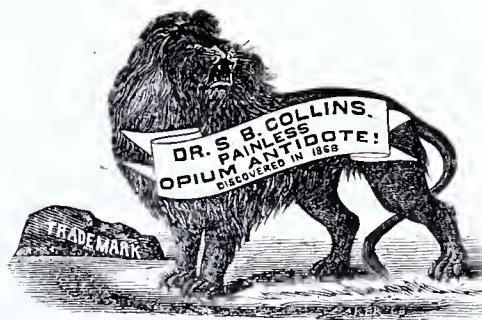
Mrs. Elizabeth A. Polk, Denver, 1877.

IDAHO TERRITORY.

J. W. Huston, Boise City, Aug. 1873.

INDIAN TERRITORY.

James S. Price, Tahlequah, Cherokee N., 1873.



DR. S. B. COLLINS'
 PAINLESS

Opium Antidote

DISCOVERED IN 1868.

The greatest of care is taken to compound the Antidote, and to cure each case in the shortest possible time. The probable length of time to effect a cure is given when it is requested. The change in the color of the Antidote is caused by the chemicals used in compounding. Every name given to testimonials or as reference, is bona fide, as any one may easily prove by correspondence. Assuring you that my Antidote is all that is claimed for it, and that I always perform a cure in the shortest possible time, I solicit your patronage. Patients sending money should remit by post-office order, registered letter, or by draft upon some one of the following cities: New York, Albany, Chicago, Indianapolis, Cincinnati or Detroit.

Where the imprint of the Lion appears upon the label of the bottle the medicine is genuine; otherwise the medicine is a worthless imitation.

OFFICE AND LABORATORY:

OPPOSITE RESIDENCE, NORTH BANK OF CLEAR LAKE,
 LA PORTE, - INDIANA.

N. B.—A liberal reduction is given to each Patient upon large orders.

INTEMPERANCE.

CAN A DRUNKARD BE REFORMED.

He can, most undoubtedly, and it does not require a miracle, nor does it call for the special interposition of Providence, but only simple obedience to natural laws. In the olden times maniacs were supposed to be possessed of evil spirits. To a certain degree vulgar prejudice and popular superstition have included the victim of ardent spirits in the same category. It has been taught and preached from press and pulpit that a person once fully under this habit was destroyed both here and hereafter.

Of late years pathologists, who have given their attention to the subject, have come to the rational conclusion that the persistent use of a poisonous drug, as alcohol, sets up a diseased diathesis of the system, which can only be reached, as other diseases are, by the action of proper remedies. A man must be treated for intemperance as for any other morbid condition, in accordance with the indications that present themselves. The first step is to neutralize the action of the poison on the nerve centers. The next is to build up the forces of the body, replacing the waste resulting from overaction caused by the stimulating properties of this drug. Dr. S. B. Collins, of LaPorte, Ind., directed by this theory, and the light of the discoveries made, has been able to compound his Liquor Antidote to meet the conditions successfully. He has no hesitation in saying that the "appetite for strong drink can be taken away," and the victim become himself again.

In no instance has the Liquor Antidote of Dr. Collins been known to fail in performing the work designed for it to do, and hundreds of persons in all parts of the country have been entirely cured by its use.

The Liquor Antidote is put up in bottles, each one of which contains a supply sufficient to last one month, and is sold at the low price of five dollars per bottle. A few testimonials are subjoined:

DETROIT, MICH., Dec. 14, 1872.

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Ind.:

Dear Sir:—The Liquor Antidote had the desired effect, and you are perfectly welcome to use my name as reference. I am now a sober man, and thank God I am saved from a drunkard's grave, but all through your Liquor Antidote. You can write anything of the facts in my case in your magazine, and I'll vouch for it, but I would like to have you send

me a copy, so that I can keep it for reference, and also to show it to my friends, and if I can do anything for you at any time I would be most happy to do so.

I am yours truly,

W.M. H. H. GREY.

GREENSBURG, IND., Feb. 8, 1873.

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Ind.:

Dear Sir :—As what I intend to say relative to my case and the curative properties of your Liquor Antidote will be brief, therefore I will begin by saying my case was one of those (and a bad one) which your Liquor Antidote purports to cure. I commenced the use of your medicine a little more than four months ago. I have used three bottles. I obtained relief from the first dose, and have steadily improved all the time, and now consider myself nearly, if not quite cured, as all appetite for alcoholic stimulants has entirely disappeared, inasmuch as I want no more whisky. If I could have a talk with those desiring to quit liquor, (but can't,) when they heard the story of my case, and the miraculous power of your Liquor Antidote in eradicating every vestige of the whisky appetite, an order for a bottle of the Antidote would be their immediate relief. It also builds a man up, and allays all nervous jerking. It makes one feel like business again. I will take great pleasure in answering all inquiries in relation to my case.

Respectfully,

JAMES HART.

NOTICES FROM THE PRESS.

ECLECTIC MEDICAL JOURNAL, CINCINNATI.

GUILTY? MOST GUILTY! 'T WAS I THAT STRUCK THE FATAL BLOW!—How many drunkards have you made in your practice? How many confirmed opium eaters? These the reader will notice are serious questions, and deserve thought. If we are guilty, as charged, then the sooner we reform our practice the better.

Taking opium eating first, physicians are responsible for nineteen-twentieths of it, and all the misery—the wasted life, the early death, lies at the doors of our profession. And you are habitual givers of narcotics? Then I'll warrant you are doing it at this very time, unconsciously and innocently, of course, but the evil is none the less.

If there was a real necessity for such practice, we would have some

excuse, but there is none. True, it is sometimes pleasant to benumb the senses with opium and morphine, quieting pain and giving sleep—the patient is grateful for the relief. But is there a real necessity for this course? My experience tells me there is not. Pain is but a symptom. So is restlessness, sleeplessness. Prescribe for the pathological condition, remove the cause and the pain ceases, and the patient has rest. I am so well satisfied of the truth of this that I have not prescribed a narcotic for two years; have not used the hypodermic injection of morphia for eighteen months.

Of course the grog shop is responsible for the majority of drunkards, but the doctor must father some of them. Do you habitually prescribe alcoholic liquors, or *bitters*, of which alcohol is a constituent? Then you are making drunkards. The whole list of elixirs of Peruvian bark, or what not, should be banished, as should the class of bitters with whisky.

But you ask, "How will I make my bitters without whisky? I must have a stomachic, and without alcohol it will spoil." I have always found it easy to give these remedies without alcoholic stimulants. Ten drops of tincture of hydrastis in a wineglass of water serves our purpose well. Any bitters given in water, and prepared in this way, will keep a week or ten days. In some cases we add muriatic acid in small quantities, in others glycerine as a preservative; in all it is possible to dispense with whisky. If you wish to grow cases for Dr. Collins, whose advertisement will be found in the *Journal*, use opium and morphine in the usual way; if you want to grow drunkards out of the usual course, and among those who are not exposed through the grog shops, prescribe alcoholic stimulants freely. In both cases the results will be quite sure, though they may not be very pleasant to think of afterwards.

CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.

THERIAKI; a magazine devoted to the interest of opium eaters. This periodical is issued by Dr. Samuel B. Collins, who says that he has prepared a theriacal specific for the relief of the wretched victims of opium. If this is so, and they can be induced to take it, it will be a great mercy. The extent to which this pernicious drug is used in this country is absolutely appalling. Physicians, clergymen, teachers, editors, and all others who are in positions of influence, ought to give this subject the most serious consideration. Something must be done to stay the ravages of this fearful evil. This magazine has been sent us by a friend, whom we have tried to redeem from the ruinous habit, but the pain which he has experienced, in consequence of the amputation of one of his legs

when in the army, has induced the use of this insidious anodyne, and he says that he could not effect his emancipation until he lighted upon the antidote of Dr. Collins. This eradicates "the refuse of the drug which fills the interstitial cells," and restores the body to its normal state and action. So Dr. Collins says. This is a question which we cannot settle—we relegate it to the medical profession. We should like to know what they think about it. Let us know what is in this specific, and how it operates. Our friend, whose name it is not necessary to give, writes:

"After using opium in one or another of its usual forms, for near eight years, and until it had very nearly proved my ruin, through the merciful providence of the Lord I, by accident, got hold of one of these magazines and felt at once that God had answered my prayer, (uttered thousands of times) to send me deliverance from the bondage of the worst of curses, the opium habit. I immediately wrote Dr. Collins, and the result has been that I ordered a bottle of his antidote, and now, after near three months since I quit opium entirely, I am a new man, in mind as well as in body. His antidote *does cure* the opium habit, as I am a living example. My appetite is returning, my digestion is fast getting back to a normal state, and I can now retire and sleep sweetly, soundly, refreshingly, all night—I had not for several years before—and, what is most wonderful, I seldom feel any pain in my amputated limb, when, before, I used to suffer most terribly at frequent intervals, almost daily. My object in writing you is to request that you make such a notice of the accompanying magazine as will help some of those poor, unfortunate victims to opium, who would give the world, if they could, to be freed from its influence. I feel so grateful to the Lord for answering my prayer, that I want to do all in my power to save those who are now what I was, but would not again be for all this world; yes, I mean it, *not for all this* world; death would be preferable to the condition I was in when Dr. Collins' Antidote reached me. Please tell the world, through the *Advocate*, there is a way to escape this curse. I would do anything in my power to help that class. I know the strength of the chains that bind them. You can make any mention of my case you wish, but I am not ambitious to appear, *by name*, in print. This Antidote is not a preparation of opium—I know its effects too well—opium will not antidote opium. I feel sure it will cure. I hope you will see proper to grant my request, for I feel that it will be the means, in God's providence, of saving some, perhaps many, who cannot help themselves otherwise. I can, if you wish, furnish you with two or three of these magazines, if you know where they will do good."

WESTERN RURAL, CHICAGO.

The extent to which the habit of taking Opium in its various forms in this country, prevails, is imperfectly understood, and its deplorable results little realized. The appetite for the drug can be gratified so secretly that it not unfrequently becomes confirmed and almost unyielding before the most intimate friends of the unfortunate victim even so much as suspect the cause of the rapid change which is being worked, and which cannot but be plainly seen. A vast army of our friends and kindred are thus tottering on the verge of insanity and death, and our best efforts to rescue them from their horrid doom are valueless because misdirected. And even when the proper cause is determined, the physician and friends are baffled in their attempts to rescue, for the Opium appetite is the most ferocious and unyielding of any with which poor humanity is cursed. The craving of the drunkard for liquor is inexpressibly mild, and its weakness is almost harmless in comparison.

Until quite recently, the victim of this terrible habit patiently awaited death as the only means of escape; reformation, as a rule, was utterly beyond the limits of possibility. Death reaped a bountiful harvest with this weapon alone, and the consequence became so alarming that the matter was frequently discussed by medical men, and a remedy anxiously sought, but with comparatively little success, until Dr. S. B. Collins, of LaPorte, Ind., discovered a cure.

We have carefully examined the evidences of the efficacy of Dr. Collins' remedy, and we rejoice that a most unfortunate class of our fellow beings, who have hitherto been without hope, can now anticipate a speedy release from their bondage. We have yielded more space in the *Western Rural* to the doctor's announcement than we usually grant to such advertisements, and give it more emphatic recommendation than is our custom.

BUFFALO COURIER.

The remedy of Dr. Collins has been tested in hundreds of cases, without a single failure, and Fitz Hugh Ludlow, after thoroughly testing it, declared it to be the most wonderful discovery of the nineteenth century.

CHICAGO JOURNAL.

Dr. Collins, as the discoverer of a painless cure for the Opium habit, has conferred a great blessing upon humanity as did Jenner in his discovery of vaccination, or Guthrie in his discovery of chloroform.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED.

It has been generally considered that the habit of Opium eating was incurable, and eminent physicians have united in the expression that the victim could no more break away from the habit than the paralytic could.

throw off his lethargy. It has apparently been left to an American physician to discover a positive Antidote. Dr. S. B. Collins, of LaPorte, Ind., has been for seven years treating the evil with a preparation which accomplishes a cure, without either pain or inconvenience. The Antidote serves, at the start, as a perfect substitute for Opium, and, as its use is continued, all desire for the drug becomes gradually exterminated.

ATLANTA CONSTITUTION, GA.

Humanity is heir to countless ills and diseases. In a thousand forms the great enemy, death, makes his approaches to the citadel of life. In fact there is a constant struggle waging between the powers of life upon the one side and the powers of death upon the other. But this enemy, as all other enemies, is less to be dreaded when he makes an open assault, and, in some well-defined, rapidly developed form of disease, seeks to wither and destroy. Then he is promptly met, and the chances of victory are more evenly balanced. It is when the arch-enemy endeavors to undermine the very foundations of life's stronghold--its vital energies by insidious and almost imperceptible approaches, that he triumphs terribly, and sweeps his thousands to the grave. How many a noble life has been lost beyond recovery, ere its possessor or his friends ever dreamed of his fate. Disease is frightful, indeed, that stealthily coils itself about its victim, and kills him inch by inch. How more terrible still, when this disease takes the form of a passion, habit, or insatiable appetite, and how great a philanthropist that man who succeeds in exposing the terrible character of the disease, and providing an infallible remedy.

Such a disease is that of Opium eating. Becoming an uncontrollable appetite, it drags the poor victim insidiously down--down to degradation and death. The growth of this habit in the United States is frightful to contemplate, and calls for the earnest attention of the humane and philanthropic of our race. The cost of opium importations has increased to over \$3,000,000, and no one can estimate how many thousands in this country are borne by it to untimely graves.

It is with real joy, then--and this editorial expression has not been asked--we announce to the miserable, powerless slaves of a surely life-destroying habit that an infallible remedy has been discovered--a remedy that not only eradicates the effects of the disease, but kills and removes the appetite for it. Such a remedy is the Opium Antidote of Dr. S. B. Collins, of LaPorte, Ind. We know it, because we have seen its cures. Georgia to-day has many a sound, hearty and happy man, who has been snatched from the very jaws of death. We, therefore, commend this remedy unreservedly, and in so doing render the public a true service.

KIRIA KIN F'IN RAKSA HEI HAI.

K'ritsakarat p'an paat roi hok sip paat Maw S. B. Collins yoo t'ee krung LaPorte nei k'wang Indiana prates America k'it awk ya samrap raksa kiria kin f'in hei hai.

K'on lai roi t'ooa lok raksa hei hai laao.

Ya nee sung Maw Collins k'it awk raksa kiria kin f'in took yang kin f'in nei t'ong ko dee, sawt tei nang ko dee, sei nei tamook ko dee, soop do dee.

Ya nee kin yang nung yang dei mee raang muan kan.

F'in dip ko de Sulphate Morphia ko dee, Acetate Morphia ko dee, Laudanum ko dee, Elixir ko dee, Dovers Powders ko dee taang fin yan nung yang dei me raang muan kan.

T'a cha kin tam k'am Maw bawk ya nee cha raksa hei hai ching mei me pooat mei kut k'un eek.

Lai k'on f'ak nangsu t'ung Maw kloa p'ayan wa tang taa duan nung t'ung see pee p'ai lang mua k'on raksa hei hai laao.

K'ritsakarat p'an paat hok sip kow duan sipet sip chet k'am Nai Joseph C. Darrow yoo t'ee LaPorte nei k'waang Indiana f'ak nangsu yang Maw S. B. Collins t'ee LaPorte k'waang Indiana kloa wa tang taa duan sipet k'ritsakarat p'an paat roi hok sip kow k'a dei kin f'in duan laa p'an kaw roi yee sip k'rain raksa rok hei hai laao.

K'ritsakarat p'an paat roi chet sipet duan sipet k'am yee sip Maw John B. Howard yoo t'ee krung St. Joseph k'waang Missouri mee nangsu ma yang Maw S. B. Collins t'ee LaPorte k'waang Indiana kloa wa tang taa k'ritsakarat p'an paat roi chet sipet duan sipet k'a dei kin f'in duan laa sam roi hok sip k'rain raksa rok hei hai laao.

K'ritsakarat p'an paa roi chet sip see duan t'ee sam k'am sip chet Maw W. Hayes t'ee krung Princeton nei k'wang Indiana mee nangsu ma yang Maw S. B. Collins t'ee LaPorte k'wang Indiana kloa wa tang taa k'ritsakarat p'an paat roi chet sip sam duan t'ee chet k'a dei kin f'in duan laa sam roi hok sip k'rain raksa rok hei hai laao.

K'ritsakarat p'an paat roi chet sip sam duan t'ee sip k'am t'ee yee sip Nai Thomas Moss kap nang Fanny Moss yoo t'ee krung Grayville nei k'waang Illinois mee nangsu ma yang Maw S. B. Collins t'ee LaPorte k'waang Indiana kloa wa tang taa k'ritsakarat p'an paat roi chet sip sam duan t'ee kow k'a dei kin f'in duan laa p'an paat roi k'rain raksa rok hei hai laao.

K'ritsakarat p'an paat roi chet sipet duan t'ee ha k'am sip song Maw John J. Patterson yoo t'ee krung Lockport nei k'waang Indiana kloa wa tang taa k'ritsakarat p'an paat roi chet sipet duan sam k'a dei kin f'in duan laa song p'an paat roi paat sip k'rain raksa rok hei hai laao.

K'ritsakarat p'an paat roi chet sip song duan kow k'am sam sip Nai John M'Lain yoo t'ee Union Mills k'waang Indiana mee nangsu ma yang Maw S. B. Collins t'ee LaPorte nei k'waang Indiana kiao wa tang taa k'ritsakarat p'an paat roi chet sip song duan chet k'a dei kin f'in duan laa p'an kow roi yee sip k'rain raksa rok hei hai laao.

K'ritsakarat p'an paat roi chet sip song duan sipet k'am t'ee chet Nai Robert McNeil yoo t'ee krung Pierceton k'waang Indiana mee nangsu ma yang Maw S. B. Collins kiao wa tang taa k'ritsakarat p'an paat roi chet sip song duan kow k'a dei kin f'in duan laa p'an yee sip k'rain raksa rok hei hai laao.

K'ritsakarat p'an paat roi chet sip song duan sipet k'am t'ee sipet Nai John Donaldson yoo t'ee Ironton k'waang Missouri me nangsu ma yang S. B. Collins yoo t'ee LaPorte k'waang Indiana kiao wa tang taa k'ritsakarat p'an paat roi chet sip song duan chet k'a dei kin f'n duan laa paat roi see sip k'rain raksa rok hei hai laao.

K'ritsakarat p'an paat roi chet sip song duan sipet k'am t'ee yee sip kow Nai S. P. Guin yoo t'ee Jacksonville nei k'waang Illinois me nangsu ma yang Maw S. B. Collins yoo t'ee LaPorte k'waang Indiana kiao wa tang taa k'ritsakarat p'an paat roi chet sip song duan chet k'a dei kin f'in duan laa paat roi see sip k'rain raksa rok hei hai laao.

K'ritsakarat p'an paat roi chet sip song k'am t'ee ha Nai kap Nang Sanderson yoo t'ee Prophetstown nei k'waang Illinois me nangsu ma yang Maw S. B. Collins yoo t'ee SaPorte k'waang Indiana kiao we tang taa k'ritsakarat p'an paat roi chet sip song duan paat k'a kin f'in duan laa paat roi see sip k'rain raksa rok hei hai laao.

K'ritsakarat p'an paat roi chet sip sam duan sip song sip ha k'am Nai Charlie Edson yoo t'ee Hart k'waang Michigan mee nangsu ma yang Maw S. B. Collins yoo t'ee La Porte k'waang Indiana kiao wa tang taa k'ritsakarat p'an paat roi chet sip sam duan sip k'a dei kin f'in duan lan sam roi k'rain raksa rok hei hai laao.

K'ritsakarat p'an paat roi chet sip see duan ai k'am yee sip kow Nang Harriet Townsley yoo t'ee Crawfordsville k'waang, Indiana, mee nangsu ma yang Maw S. B. Collins yoo t'ee La Porte k'waang Indiana kiao wa tang taa k'ritsakarat p'an paat roi chet sip sam duan sip k'a dei kin f'in duan laa song roi see sip k'rain raksa rok hei hai laao.

K'ritsakarat p'an paat roi chet sip see duan yee k'am nung Nai Elisha O. Clarke yoo t'ee Kingston k'waang Rhode Island mee nangsu ma yang Maw S. B. Collins yoo t'ee La Porte k'waang Indiana kiao wa tang taa k'ritsakarat p'an paat roi chet sip song duan paat k'a dei kin f'in duan laa sam p'an hok roi k'rain raksa rok hei hai laae.

K'ritsakarat p'an paat roi chet sip see duan see see k'am Nai Jacob Hardy yoo t'ee taa p'an Cotile Maa Nam daang k'waang Louisiana mee nangsu ma yang Maw S. B. Collins yoo t'ee La Porte k'waang Indiana kiao wa tang taa k'ritsakarat p'an paat roi chet sip see duan sam k'a dei kin f'in duan laa p'an kow roi yee sip k'rain raksa rok hei hai laao.

K'ritsakarat p'an paat roi chet sip see duan yee k'am yee sipet Nai Joseph Coler yoo t'ee Nashua k'waang Iowa mee nangsu ma yang Maw S. B. Collins yoo t'ee LaPorte k'waang Indiana kiao wa tang taa k'ritsakarat p'an paat roi chet sip sam k'a dei kin f'in duan laa kow roi hok sip k'rain raksa rok hei hai laao.

K'ritsakarat p'an paat roi chet sip see duan sam k'am sip kow Maw W. P. Brown yoo t'ee Greenville k'waang Illinois mee nangsu ma yang Maw S. B. Collins yoo t'ee LaPorte k'waang Indiana kiao wa tang taa k'ritsakarat p'an paat roi see sip k'rain raksa rok hei hai laao.

K'ritsakarat p'an paat roi chet sip see duan see paat k'am Nang Sophronia Palmer yoo t'ee Evansville k'waang Wisconsin nee nangsu ma Maw S. B. Collins yoo t'ee LaPorte k'waang Indiana kiao wa tang taa k'ritsakarat p'an paat roi chet sip see duan ai k'a dei kin f'in duan laa sam roi hok sip k'rain raksa rok hei hai laao.

K'ritsakarat p'an paat roi chet sip see duan see sip k'am Nai H. Zellner yoo t'ee Brentwood k'waang Tennessee mee nangsu ma yang Maw S. B. Collins yoo t'ee LaPorte k'waang Indiana kiao wa tang taa k'ritsakarat p'an paat roi chet sip duan sip song k'a dei kin f'in duan laa chet roi yee sip k'rain raksa rok hei hai laao.

K'ritsakarat p'an paat roi yee sip see duan see k'am t'ee yee sip paat Nai Jacob Ambrosier yoo t'ee Sulphur Springs k'waang Ohio mee nangsu ma yang Maw S. B. Collins yoo t'ee LaPorte k'waang Indiana kiao wa tang taa k'ritsakarat p'an paat roi chet sip song duan ha k'a dei kin f'in duan laa see roi paat sip k'rain raksa rok hei hai laao.

K'ritsakarat p'an paat roi yee sip see duan ha sip sam k'am Nai William August yoo t'ee k'waang Pittsburgh mee nangsu ma Maw S. B. Collins t'ee LaPorte k'waang Indiana kiao wa tang taa k'ritsakarat p'an paat roi chet sip k'rain raksa rok hei hai laao.

K'ritsakarat p'an paat roi chet sip see duan patt k'am t'ee sip paat Maw W. J. Reeves yoo t'ee Calhoun k'waang Georgia mee nangsu ma yang S. B. Collins t'ee LaPorte k'waang Indiana kiao wa tang taa k'ritsakarat p'an paat roi chet sip see duan paat k'a dei kin f'in duan laa song p'an roi hok sip k'rain raksa rok hei hai laao.

K'ritsakarat p'an paat roi chet sip see duan kow hok k'am Nai E. H. Spalding yoo t'ee krøng Kansas City k'waang Missouri mee nangsu ma yang Maw S. B. Collins yoo t'ee LaPorte k'waang Indiana kiao wa tang taa k'ritsakarat p'an paat roi chet sip see duan paat k'a dei kin f'in duan laa p'an see roi see sip k'rain raksa rok hei hai laao.

Dr. S. B. Collins'

schmerzloses

Opium-Gegenmittel!

Entdeckt in 1868.

Man lese die Zeugnisse.

Sie bezeugen, wie viele Herzen und Familien dadurch wieder glücklich gemacht worden sind.

St. Joseph, Mo., 20. Nov. 1871.

Dr. S. B. Collins, La Porte, Ind., Ver. St. A.

Ich gebrauchte 360 Gran Opium monatlich und bin geheilt seit November 1871.

John B. Howard, M. D.

Braintree, N. Adams Co., Mass., 2. März 1873.

Dr. S. B. Collins, La Porte, Ind., Ver. St. A.

Ich gebrauchte 990 Gran Opium monatlich und bin geheilt seit Oktober 1872.

Joseph Cooper.

Clarinda, Iowa, 14. April 1872.

Dr. S. B. Collins, La Porte, Ind., Ver. St. A.

Ich gebrauchte 600 Gran Opium monatlich und bin geheilt seit December 1872.

Martin Neff.

Taliquah, C. N., Indian Ter'y., 20. Juli 1873.

Dr. S. B. Collins, La Porte, Ind., Ver., St. A.

Ich gebrauchte 480 Gran Opium monatlich und bin geheilt seit Juli 1873.

James S. Price.

Factoryville, Penn., 9. Sept. 1873.

Dr. S. B. Collins, La Porte, Ind., Ver., St. A.

Ich gebrauchte 480 Gran Opium monatlich und bin geheilt seit August 1873.

Fran H. Brown.

Grayville, Ill., 27. Okt. 1873.

Dr. S. C. Collins, La Porte, Ind., Ver. St. A.

Ich gebrauchte 4800 Gran Opium monatlich und bin geheilt seit März 1873.

Homer C. J. Clarke.

Marietta, Cobb Co., Ga., 6. November 1873.

Dr. S. B. Collins, La Porte, Ind., Ver. St. A.

Ich gebrauchte 1980 Gran Opium monatlich und bin geheilt seit
Oktober 1873. James J. Butts, M. D.

Hart, Mich., 15. Dec. 1873.

Dr. S. B. Collins, La Porte, Ind., Ver. St. A.

Ich gebrauchte 300 Gran Opium monatlich und bin geheilt seit Oktobe-
r 1873. Carlie Edson.

Kingston, Rhode Island, 1. Febr. 1874.

Dr. S. B. Collins, La Porte, Ind., Ver. St. A.

Ich gebrauchte 3600 Gran Opium monatlich und bin geheilt seit Au-
gust 1872. Eliza C. Clarke.

Santa Clara, Cal., 30. März 1874.

Dr. S. B. Collins, La Porte, Ind., Ver. St. A.

Ich gebrauchte 720 Gran Opium monatlich und bin geheilt seit Ja-
nuar 1874. W. H. Fawell.

Cotile Landing, Red River, La., 4. April 1874.

Dr. S. B. Collins, La Porte, Ind., Ver. St. A.

Ich gebrauchte 1920 Gran Opium monatlich und bin geheilt seit
März 1874. Jacob Hardy.

Evansville, Rock Co., Wis., 8. April 1874.

Dr. S. B. Collins, La Porte, Ind., Ver. St. A.

Ich gebrauchte 960 Gran Opium monatlich und bin geheilt seit Ja-
nuar 1874. Sophronia Palmer.

Brentwood, Williamson Co., Tenn., 10. April 1874.

Dr. S. B. Collins, La Porte, Ind., Ver. St. A.

Ich gebrauchte 720 Gran Opium monatlich und bin geheilt seit De-
zember 1874. H. Bellner.

Troy, N. Y. 20. Nov. 1874.

Dr. S. B. Collins, La Porte, Ind., Ver. St. A.

Ich gebrauchte 1200 Gran Opium monatlich und bin geheilt seit Ja-
nuar 1874. Marcus P. Norton.

Napoleon, O., 10. Dec. 1874.

Dr. S. B. Collins, La Porte, Ind., Ver. St. A.

Ich gebrauchte 7200 Gran Opium monatlich und bin geheilt seit No-
vember 1874. Wm. Sheffield, Banquier.

ANTIDOTE DE L'OPIUM.

SANS SOUFFRANCE,



D R. S. B. COLLINS.

DECOUVERT IN 1868.

L I S E Z C E C I .

Vous y verrez des coeurs et des foyers rendus
au bonheur par le Dr. Collins.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., le 20 Nov., 1871.

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Ind., E. U. A.

Je prenais 360 grammes d'opium par mois; je suis gueri depuis Novembre, 1871.

JOHN B. HOWARD.

BRAYTONVILLE. N. ADAMS Co., MASS. }
le 2 Mars, 1873. }

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Ind., E. U. A.

Je prenais 960 grammes d'opium par mois: je suis gueri depuis Octobre, 1872.

JOSEPH COOPER.

CLARINDA, IOWA, le 14 April, 1873.

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Ind., E. U. A.

Je prenais 600 grammes d'opium par mois; je suis gueri depuis Decembre, 1872.

MARTIN NEFF.

TAHLEQUAH, C. N., Ind. Ter. }
le 20 Juillet, 1873. }

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Ind., E. U. A.

Je prenais 480 grammes d'opium par mois; je suis gueri depuis Juillet, 1873.

JAMES S. PRICE.

FACTORYVILLE, PENN., le 9 Sept., 1873.

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Ind., E. U. A.

Je prenais 480 grammes d'opium par mois; je suis gueri depuis Agout, 1873.

MME. H. S. BROWN.

GRAYVILLE, ILL., le 27 Oct., 1873.

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Ind., E. U. A.

Je prenais 480 grammes d'opium par mois; je suis gueri depuis Mars, 1873.

HOMER C. J. CLARKE.

MARIETTA, COBB Co., GA., le 6 Nov., 1873.

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Ind., E. A. U.

Je prenais 1680 grammes d'opium par mois; je suis gueri depuis Octobre, 1873.

JAMES J. BUTTS, M. D.

HART, MICH., le 15 Decembre, 1873.

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Ind., E. A. U.

Je prenais 300 grammes d'opium par mois; je suis gueri depuis Octobre, 1873.

CHARLIE EDSON.

KINGSTON, R. I., le 1 Fevrier, 1874.

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Ind., E. A. U.

Je prenais 3600 grammes d'opium par mois; je suis gueri depuis Aout, 1872.

ELISHA C. CLARKE.

SANTA CLARA, CAL., le 30 Mars, 1874.

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Ind., E. A. U.

Je prenais 720 grammes d'opium par mois; je suis gueri depuis Janvier, 1874.

W. H. FARWELL.

COTILE LANDING, RED RIVER, LA., }
le 4 April, 1874. }

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Ind., E. A. U.

Je prenais 1920 grammes d'opium par mois; je suis gueri depuis Mars, 1874.

JACOB HARDY.

EVANSVILLE, ROCK Co., WIS., }
le 8 April, 1874. }

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Ind., E. U. A.

Je prenais 360 grammes d'opium par mois; je suis gueri depuis Janvier, 1874.

SOPHRONIA PALMER.

BRENTWOOD, WILLIAMSON Co., TENN., }
le 10 April, 1874. }

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Ind., E. A. U.

Je prenais 720 grammes d'opium par mois; je suis gueri depuis Decembre, 1871.

H. ZELLNER.

TROY, N. Y., le 20 Nov., 1874.

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Ind., E. A. U.

Je prenais 1200 grammes d'opium par mois; je suis gueri depuis Janvier, 1874.

MARCUS P. NORTON.

NAPOLEON, O., le 10 Dec., 1874.

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Ind., E. A. U.

Je prenais 7200 grammes d'opium par mois; je suis gueri depuis Novembre, 1873.

W.M. SHEFFIELD, Banquier.

ANTIDOTE DE OPIO.

Se puede usar sin dano.

DR. S. B. COLLINS.
DISCUBIERTO EN EL ANO DE 1868.

SE LEASE LO SIGUIENTE.

*Por que esprueba que el Doctor Collins ha hecho
feliz varios cora zones y familias.*

SAN JOSE, Mo., }
le 20 Nov., 1871. }

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Ind., E. U.

He usado mensual 300 grains de su opio y he eatado sano desde Noviembre de 1871.

Dr. JUAN B. HOWARD.

BRAYTONVILLE, NORTH ADAMS Co., MASS. }
2 de Marzo de 1873. }

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Ind., E. U.

He usado mensual 960 granos de su opio y he estado sano desde Octubre de 1872.

JOSE COOPER.

CLARINDA, IOWA, }
le 14 April 1873. }

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Ind., E. U.

He usado mensual 600 granos de su opio y he estado sano desde Diciembre de 1872.

MARTIN NEFF.

TAHLEQUAH, C. N., TERRITORIE de los INDIOS. }
20 Julio de 1873. }

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Ind., E. U.

He usado mensual 480 granos de su opio y he estado sano desde Julio de 1873.

JAMES S. PRICE.

FACTORYVILLE, PENN., }
9 de Setiembre de 1873. }

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Ind., E. U.

He usado mensual 480 granos de su opio y he estado sano desde Agosto de 1873.

SENORA H. S. BROWN.

GRAYVILLE, ILL., 27 de Octubre de 1873.

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Ind., E. U.

He usado mensual 4800 granos de su opio y he estado sano desde Marzo de 1873.

HOMER C. CLARKE.

MARIETTA, COBB Co., GA. }
6 de Noviembre de 1873. }

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Ind., E. U.

He usado mensual 300 granos de su opio y he estado sano desde Octubre de 1873.

Dr. JAMES BUTTS.

HART, MICH., 15 de Diciembre de 1873.

DOCTOR S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Ind., E. U.

He usado mensual 1680 granos de su opio y he estado sano desde Octubre de 1873.

CARLIE EDSON

KINGSTON, R. I., }
1 de Febrero de 1874. }

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Ind., E. U.

He usado mensual 3600 granos de su opio y he estado sano desde Agosto de 1872.

ELISHA C. CLARKE.

SANTA CLARA, CAL., }
30 de Marzo de 1874. }

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Ind., E. U.

He usado mensual 720 grados de su opio y he estado sano desde Enero de 1874.

W. H. FARWELL.

COTILE LANDING, RED RIVER, LA., }
4 de April de 1874. }

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Ind., E. U.

He usado mensual 1920 granos de su opio y he estado sano desde Marzo de 1874.

JACOB HARDY.

EVANSVILLE, ROCK Co. WIS., }
8 de April de 1874. }

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Ind., E. U.

He usado mensual 360 granos de su opio y he estado sano desde Enero de 1874.

SOPHRONIA PALMER.

BRENTWOOD, WILLIAMSON Co., TENN., }
10 de April de 1874. }

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Ind., E. U.

He usado mensual 720 granos de su opio y he estado sano desde Diciembre de 1871.

H. ZELLNER.

TROY, N. Y., }
20 de Nov. de 1874. }

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Ind., E. U.

He usado mensual 1200 granos de su opio y he estado sano desde Enero de 1874.

MARCUS P. NORTON.

NAPOLEON, OHIO, }
10 de Diciembre de 1874. }

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Ind., E. U.

He usado mensual 7200 granos de su opio y he estado sano desde Noviembre de 1873.

GUILLERMO SHEFFIELD, Banquero.

HELL ON EARTH.

THE APPEAL OF AN OPIUM EATER.

To the Editor of the Globe-Democrat:

I once lived in old Missouri, and every morning devoured the *Globe-Democrat*—first the *Democrat*, then *Globe*; then (in Illinois) the *Globe-Democrat*—first the *Democrat*. It is a part of my life, nay, of my very existence. How many people like myself it gladdens every morning, spreading out the whole world as one great, gorgeous panorama before them.

Once I was almost a perfect man. Now I am a helpless, confirmed cripple, full of pains and aches, and life is quite a burden.

Two years ago, thoughtlessly, I began the use of morphia. Oh! it was so pleasant, nay, fascinating, at the beginning! Almost a heaven of delight. Now it is a concentration of all the torments of hell—the most tyrannous master of earth. From ten to fifteen grains of the deadly sparks of hell go down my throat daily. Quit it, abandon it, I cannot! No man can unless he has some proper equivalent to support the system! I am too poor to buy the equivalent at once, which would cost \$10 per month for about three months, perhaps more.

My object in this article is to appeal to some philanthropist, male or female, (for such there are,) to aid me in breaking the fetters of this hellish monster. Save me! save me! good people of earth, from the awful torments of this dreadful despot! I am in torment!

I refer to Dr. J. K. Dubois, the city physician of Springfield, Ill., for the truthfulness of this appeal. Pray, do help me! God will bless you!

Please address Albert Lawrence, corner Tenth and Adams streets, Springfield, Illinois.

Trusting that "Little Mack," the noble, lion-hearted, magnanimous editor, will permit me this space in his great paper of papers, I remain,

Yours truly,

ALBERT LAWRENCE.

Corner Tenth and Adams Sts., Springfield, Ill.

Springfield, Illinois, June 29. 1876.

DR. COLLINS AS A BENEFACTOR.

SOUTHEAST CORNER TENTH AND ADAMS STS., }
SPRINGFIELD, ILL., Sept. 18, 1877. }

Dr. S. B. COLLINS, La Porte, Ind.:

My Dear Benefactor:—In delaying to reply to your recent letter my apology is that I was absent from home. The last bottle you sent me was stamped "May 4th, 1877." This I made last me till July 10th, since which time I have taken nothing, and may say that I am cured of the

"opium habit." My health seems good, except a great proneness to contract cold and a throat wheezing. Strange, too, I am fully twenty-five pounds lighter than when I was daily using from ten to twelve grains of morphia. The greatest trouble I have to encounter is that I cannot get sleep enough—after lying awake until two and three o'clock in the morning. Fatigue will not induce sleep with me.

Doctor, I will write you more at length, shortly. In the interim please let me know if there is anything I can do for you. My wife and children join with me in thanks to you for your skill and your generosity to me. May God reward you, here and hereafter, for your charity to

Your grateful friend,

LAWRENCE H. HUDSON.

We may add here that the Albert Lawrence of the first letter above is the same identical person as the Lawrence H. Hudson of the last letter.

ANSWER TO "WHAT SHALL THEY DO TO BE SAVED."

LA PORTE, IND., May 19, 1878.

Dr. S. B. COLLINS.:

Dear Sir:—Several years ago I read an article in *Harper's Magazine* entitled "What Shall They Do to Be Saved?" this startling heading not having reference to the immortal part of mankind, but to those slaves of habit who are bound by shackles whose strength the powers of sin never conceived. I, at that time, little thought that the experience therein described would ever be mine. Still, in spite of all my knowledge of the effects of the drug through, either real or fancied necessities it is immaterial, which I insensibly "glided"—there is no other name for it, into the habit, and under circumstances of mental distress increased the dose, until I found myself taking about twelve grains of morphine daily, my nervous system shattered, and health gone. Awaking fully to a sense of my condition, I commenced a struggle to free myself from its influence, and waged a bitter warfare for that end. I did, by the force of will, deprive myself of the drug for the space of forty-eight hours, and again for some sixty hours. Had I the imagination of a Dante or Virgil, still would I fail to describe my sufferings during those trials. I, however, reduced my dose to between one and two grains daily. The third trial I determined to conquer or die—to cut off this last remnant, or perish in the attempt. I persevered until my friends became so alarmed that they urged me to call you to take charge of my case which then seemed hopeless. Your Antidote, which you gave me, based upon two grains daily, gave me new life at once, and after about twenty-four hours I began to improve, and have gone steadily forward on the road to health ever since. I can truly say, after a little over two months under your care, that I am entirely cured of the habit, and, although my business puts me in daily contact with the drug, in all its forms, I have no more desire for it than if I had never known of its existence. Am fleshier than I have been in years, appetite good, mind free and energies

fully restored. My improvement is the constant remark of my friends. My experience warrants me in saying that the terrible question which heads this article is fully answered, and there is hope and salvation for all victims of this habit, who are really desirous of cure, and that also without the terrible suffering which I voluntarily endured ; and through your Antidote, if persevered in, lies the way.

FREDERICK WEST,

Druggist and Bookseller.

LETTERS OF FITZ HUGH LUDLOW.

In response to the many and ever-recurring inquiries of patients, and others, I again re-publish the letters of the late Fitz Hugh Ludlow. I am also moved to this re-publication in vindication of myself and of my claim as the original, sole discoverer of the Painless Cure of the Opium or Morphine Habit, as well as in justice to all the parties concerned. Fitz Hugh Ludlow deceased some years ago, but his death did not in the least impair his testimony in behalf of my Antidote. The correspondence is again submitted to the public "with malice toward none, with charity for all," the object being simply to have the world know the facts. It only remains to add that the manuscripts of all the letters herewith presented are in my possession, and that only a portion of the correspondence are given in the following letters and extracts:

18 WEST FOURTEENTH ST., N. Y., Nov. 25, 1869.

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Ind.:

Dear Sir:—It is possible you might know me by name, and have read some of my published writings upon the subject of the opium habit—perhaps you have even read the book of that name published by the Messrs. Harpers, in which you will there have a good chance to become acquainted with me. I will only here say that I have, for many years, made this most painful subject a specialty, both of study and treatment—have had, perhaps, a larger circle of acquaintance with opium eaters than any one else in this country, and have been so happy as to cure a considerable number of the worst cases on record.

None of these cures have, however, I frankly acknowledge, been effected without severe and long-protracted suffering, although I have been able to mitigate the horrors of the trial by the bringing to bear of every faculty upon the judicious selection of palliatives, to an extent which made the agony far less than without my aid it would have been.

But I have all my life been seeking in vain for some remedy that would act as a substitute, and bring the patient out painlessly. Last spring I was almost ready to give the search up in despair, when two of my large circle of opium correspondents wrote me, within a few weeks of each other, that you had succeeded in making the discovery, at least that your circular positively announced the fact, and that several persons

who had recourse to you had found your assertions remarkably corroborated by their experience.

I can assure you that my heart leaped for joy at the bare possibility of such a thing. I own I should have been glad to have discovered for myself an agent, which, if it does all that you claim for it, is one of the *grandest, most beneficent, glorious discoveries ever made in medicine*, but God knows that my pity for the terrible sufferings I have seen is such that all professional pride sinks out of sight, and I would most gratefully to both God and the discoverer come to learn of any one who could confer such an estimable boon as your remedy purports to be.

If it does all I understand to be claimed for it, and is itself no form of extract from the accursed poppy, then you have a *right to the thankful praise, the respect, the honorable tributes of every man who loves his race; you have made a discovery not one whit exceeded in importance by Jenner's discovery of vaccination*—one which will quite as justly entitle you to *applause, living, and monuments when dead.*

Out of a sincere heart I say this—high praise as it may seem, for the suffering from opium, in unnumbered cases, I have seen to be greater than that of any other disease or physical torture whatever.

A few weeks ago, one of your patients, (who corresponded with me for the first time after he had taken your remedy,) sent me a two ounce phial, knowing from my writings that I should feel the truest interest in trying the effect upon opium eaters. I happened to have one case in particular just then under my charge, which seemed sometimes almost hopeless from the complication of other difficulties with the habit of opium, and I used the small portion of your remedy which had been sent to me, on that case alone, begining with very small doses, and at several days interval apart, and not attempting to cut off the patient's opium altogether, because I knew I had only enough of your tincture for a very short and incomplete experiment.

My expérience of it, however, as far as it went, showed me that it possessed some quite remarkable powers. I was able, by its aid, to greatly diminish the doses of morphine, and increased the interval between them, and, although I had no opportunity to judge whether it would enable me to cut off the opium altogether, I still saw enough to make me think that possible, and to give me a desire to make the trial on some case like this.

I accordingly resolved to write you, and make the following proposition, viz., that you supply me with enough of your discovery to make the complete experiment in one case, and, if I find it results as my correspondents have said, I will not only give you my thanks, but put you in the receipt of many hundred dollars custom.

As I have already said, I am in constant receipt of a larger number of appeals for help from opium eaters than any other man in this country, and have a desk full of applications now which I could hand over to you, and which would most gratefully be answered by your remedy had I once a chance of testing its exact value. Moreover, my position is such in connection with the press and the medical profession, that I possess

facilities for making you and your remedy widely known, such as no other man in the country has. I can make it most immensely to your interest to co-operate with me, if, after the experiment, we are convinced that it is for our common good, and that of suffering humanity.

At present I will not go into further details, but will only add that, should you need to learn of me further, you can write to Mr. Clark Irvin, and, if you have not got it, I will send you the "opium habit" book.

My only desire is to save opium eaters—pecuniary advantage is a most subsidiary consideration, but, if there is money to be made out of this remedy at all, it is but right that you should make it. I hope you will be able to patent your secret, so that you may disclose it to the scientific world without pecuniary loss, for, if the remedy does what is claimed for it, it would be one of the greatest of human calamities to have its mode of preparation die with its discoverer. Oblige me with an early answer, and, if you think well of my proposition, express as much of the remedy as may suffice for the experiment. My direction is "Fitz Hugh Ludlow, 18 West 14th Street, New York.

I am yours truly,

F. H. LUDLOW.

18 WEST 14TH ST., N. Y., Jan. 26, 1870.

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Ind.:

Dear Sir:—According to my last note (though without waiting to receive an answer) I herewith state to you the case of the patient whom I desire to treat with your remedy.

(Here follows the statement of the case.)

* * * I have always found, in the question of cure, that the length of time during which the patient has been taking opium is a much more important element than the amount he has reached.

* * * * * * * * *

I do not know of a case among the hundreds I have seen in which I would go to work with more sanguine feelings in the use of the remedy which is said to do all yours is, and there is the additional motive to select this for an experiment in the fact that the poor woman is, indeed, almost utterly destitute, and a most worthy object of benevolence in every respect. * * * * *

Hoping to hear from you at an early date,

I am yours truly,

FITZ HUGH LUDLOW.

But the value of a remedy which does as yours is declared to do is in the salvation of the opium eater, without the suffering and the absolute cessation from all labor, which are necessary with all means and plans of cure.

I know that I can cure opium eaters, and eradicate the habit thoroughly, but I frankly acknowledge that I cannot do it without its creating more or less suffering—sometimes even severe suffering to the patient, taking him for a considerable length of time from his avocation.

* * * I have sought in all our communications to deal with the utmost fairness and courtesy, myself, and I beg that you will not disappoint me.

Yours truly,

FITZ HUGH LUDLOW.

18 WEST 14TH STREET, April 4, 1870.

* * * I regret to learn that your lungs are diseased. If you will describe your difficulty, I will (supposing you care to have me,) do anything in my power to advise and help you. Your life is now too precious to be lost. I don't wish to appear even to preach, but I must say that I think you possess the most tremendous responsibility which can belong to any man upon the earth, in being the possessor of a remedy which, wisely administered, can do so much for the human race. * * *

FITZ HUGH LUDLOW.

99 CLINTON PLACE, N. Y., April 20, 1870.

* * * When I have time to tell you my proposition (before referred to) you will see that I have a better and much cheaper plan for making your remedy widely known than to put into Harper's the advertisement you send, which would cost a dollar a line. If you and I agree I will publish a letter over my name in Harper's calling attention to the fact of a wonderful discovery for the opium cure. * * *

FITZ HUGH LUDLOW.

99 CLINTON PLACE, N. Y., May 10, 1870.

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Ind.:

Sir:—The package of five bottles for which I last wrote came duly to hand.

* * * * *

I am going to take a very important case under my direct charge—the case of quite a distinguished and eminent man, whose cure will be the greatest of triumphs, and who has used opium very largely for years. I shall probably, as my own health needs rest and recreation after many long years of hard work, take a voyage to England with him, and stay in London a number of weeks.

* * * * *

If you will furnish me with all the medicine necessary to treat this case—supplying me with a sufficient stock of bottles (say 10 or 12) when I start, to make sure the case should be interrupted by no delays or accidents, at that long distance of London and LaPorte—I will put in Harper's Weekly and Monthly, over my own name, two letters, publishing your discovery, and its value to the several millions who read those periodicals. In no other way, by paying hundreds for advertising, even, could you reach so many, or so well. Decide and let me know your answer as early as possible. Yours,

FITZ HUGH LUDLOW.

99 CLINTON PLACE, N. Y., June 14, 1870.

DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Ind.:

Sir:—Our mutual friend has just been paying me a visit, and consulting in regard to some arrangement by which *we* can work together for the remedy and the opium eater.

I have only to say that I have read the proposition he makes to you, over and over again, carefully, and fully approve of it. I stand ready to assist him in every way through the press, if you and he make the arrangement. Whatever he says, or may hereafter say, on the subject, I agree to. I give notice, now, that he represents *me* in every business arrangement with you in my absence.

I have now put into the Harpers' hands, to publish in the very first magazine that there is room for it in, an article recommending your discovery, that every body who has seen it says is one of the finest things I ever wrote. Harper's Magazine is always printed over a month ahead, so it cannot come out in any shorter time, and I rely upon you to believe me, and wait for it, and not come down on Mr. Reed for any money for these twelve bottles until you have given it the proper *chance* and *time* to be published. If you do come down on him for money of course I shall at once learn of it by telegraph, and have the article canceled and not published at all. But I believe you mean to act square.

* * * * *

Truly yours,

FITZ HUGH LUDLOW.

THE TEST OF TIME.

For all time previous to 1868, the habit or, more properly, the disease of opium eating had been considered, as indeed it was, utterly incurable at the price of any suffering.

The *ipse dixit* of the medical profession had gone forth; the disease was incurable; for the opium eater there was no relief this side of the grave; and so hundreds of thousands had given themselves up to a fate more terrible by far than that of Prometheus.

Dr. Oppenheim had said the influence was a "fatal fascination never to be broken by any wily stratagem or open force whatsoever."

Dr. Pidduck had said of the opium eater "that he can no more break away from the habit than the paralytic imbecile can throw off his lethargy."

Dr. Ellitson declared "after diligent and extensive inquiry he could not find the first instance of voluntary renunciation,"—and Dr. Palmer, of Ontario, had never known, not even by hearsay, of the first instance of permanent reformation after the habit had been confirmed."

Such is the encouragement that during all these long years had been given to that large and rapidly increasing class of unfortunates, who

had been allured into the power of the gentlest of servants, but most tyrannical of masters.

No hand had ever pointed the way out of the labyrinth of woes unutterable; no tongue had ever uttered one word of hope to cheer the desponding sufferer; no skill could avail to mitigate the horrors of their terrible servitude.

But somewhere in the great fields of nature, if we could but find it, there is a balm for every wound, an antidote for every poison, a cure for every ill to which flesh is heir.

And so, in the fullness of time, it came to pass that nature gave up her long hidden secret, and thousands of her children drank at the newly discovered fountain, which was to them the fountain of life, of health and of youth.

Against the tide of popular prejudice, and over obstacles apparently insurmountable, the fame of the medicine has won the right of way, and is known to-day in almost every home upon the continent.

From the smallest of beginnings the field of the doctor's work has extended all over this broad land, reached across the great waters to other lands and compassed the islands of the sea.

So the work to which Dr. Collins has set his hand is no holiday labor; it is as laborous as it is ceaseless, as serious as it is glorious.

And for this labor, requiring, as it does, a mature judgement, and a vigilance unremitting, the doctor demands only that of which every laborer is worthy, and, what no one can deny he has a perfect right to demand, the credit of having discovered the only painless cure for the opium habit the world has ever known. As to the merits of this antidote the doctor is both willing and anxious to have them tested in the light of such evidence as he here produces, aided by such investigation as he always invites. The test of time has already been applied,—how well the antidote has withstood that crucial test the reader must decide.

Upon the first application, the patient generally inquires the length of time required to effect a cure in his or her case. It is impossible to answer this question intelligently or satisfactorily, in advance. After the patient has taken treatment two or three months, a better opinion can be given as to the time necessary to rid the system of the poison, and eradicate the habit. But if the patient disregards the printed instructions, it is idle to attempt to predict the time it will take to effect a cure, for this throws everything into confusion and uncertainty.

Observe the directions strictly, follow them closely, and you are sure of being radically and permanently cured of the habit of taking opium or morphia.

Avoid every mixture advertised and sold as an opium "cure" while taking my antidote, for a dose of it will retard your cure the same as if you took crude opium.

“SAMPLE BOTTLE” MIXTURES.**WHAT THEY SAY OF IT.****MAYFIELD, Kentucky, May 17, 1877.****DR. S. B. COLLINS, LaPorte, Ind.:**

Dear Sir:—I am happy to inform you that my health is now better than for ten years past. I have, within the past month, gained 15½ pounds of good, firm flesh. I shall never be able to adequately express my gratitude to you for the inestimable blessings I have received from your treatment.

I consider myself now redeemed from the worst of all habits. You say you have kept your promise to me, and did not give publicity to my statements, and now ask of me the privilege of publishing a letter from me. In response to this, I will say: I have no desire to injure any mortal on earth. But I will in this make a statement which you are at liberty to use as you think proper and just. Somewhere about April or May of last year, after I had been under your treatment for about five months, thinking, as I did then, that your charges were exorbitant, and feeling myself unable to continue treatment at your price, and being furnished with the advertisement of Mrs. J. A. Drollinger, seeing her charges were lower than yours, and being assured by her that her antidote was precisely the same as yours, I applied to her for medicine. She sent me a trial bottle, which was in color the same as yours. With it I received her document, styled “*Self Defense*,” in which you were shown to be a heartless, bad man. This roused my sympathy in her favor. I took her mixture till two bottles were used. Then I saw that my general health was rapidly declining. I wrote to her, stating my rapid decline of health, and told her that I firmly believed her medicine was the cause of it, and told her I believed it to be a *strong solution of morphine*, and that I intended to have it analyzed. Upon this she sent me a bottle as a present, declaring the medicine not at fault. I used that. My health still declined. I ordered the fourth bottle, which I did not use. I then wrote her that she must excuse me, I positively would take no more from her, telling her I firmly believed that, if I continued, it would soon kill me. I did come near dying. I do not say *her medicine was* the cause of my long and serious illness; I can only say, as an honest and truthful man, I *firmly believe it was* the cause. And I further believe had I continued taking it one month longer I would to-night be in my grave.

Now, doctor, I have in all kind feeling toward Mrs. D., and in the honesty of my soul, made this statement. I am now a sound, healthy man. I was an unwilling subject to the use of morphia. I blame my good-meaning physician, who prescribed its use, for ever acquiring the habit.

But I thank you from my heart for delivering me from this tyrannical bondage. May you live long to benefit the unfortunate of your race.

Yours Truly, REV. R. B. TRIMBLE.

LAPORTE, Ind., Aug. 2, 1875.

In all matters of business, where the public is interested, facts should be known.

Let me say here, that, in making this statement, I have no desire to injure anyone, but I do hope to do good to some person who may be afflicted as I was, and who is, in like manner, liable to be deceived. Some two years since I commenced the use of morphia, and became, in time, an inveterate opium eater, and none but those who have themselves become habituated to the use of the drug can know the torment of his victim.

About four months ago I learned that a man by the name of Dr. S. B. Collins, at LaPorte, Ind., had an antidote that would permanently cure the habit, and consequently I made a journey to his home. Upon my arrival in LaPorte, however, I found that there were other parties, beside the doctor, who claimed to cure the habit with the same preparation as that compounded by Dr. Collins.

Almost before I had time to think I was beset by several parties, among whom was a young man by the name of George, who informed me that one Mrs. Drollingher, of LaPorte, had the same cure as that of Dr. Collins, and he desired me to try the remedy.

Accordingly, he went and got a small bottle of a red, muddy mixture and told me the manner in which it was to be taken. Through misrepresentations and out of misplaced sympathy, I called upon Mrs. D., bought a month's supply of the so-called antidote, and commenced taking it according to directions.

I took the medicine sixteen days, during all of which time I failed in strength, entirely losing my appetite. At four different times I was taken with very strange sick spells, being suddenly and violently ill. Finding that I was daily growing weaker, and being actually in fear of the medicine I was taking, I finally concluded to try the antidote of Dr. Collins, having been assured by many that this antidote would surely cure me. After taking his antidote twenty-six days I found my strength and appetite returning, my sleep became natural and refreshing, and I feel like a new man.

This much I can say of the effects of Dr. Collins' antidote, and I say it with ill will toward none, but simply as an act of justice toward the doctor, and a warning to those who may come after me, to avoid the many imitations that are foisted upon the public, and go to the man who discovered the compounds—the only known cure for the opium habit.

L. C. VAUGHAN

"Should anyone desire fuller, more particular proof of what the "red, muddy mixture" will do, let him or her send to Dr. Collins for the "Answer to Self Defense."

BEFORE

YOU APPLY ELSEWHERE FOR

MEDICAL AID,

CORRESPOND WITH

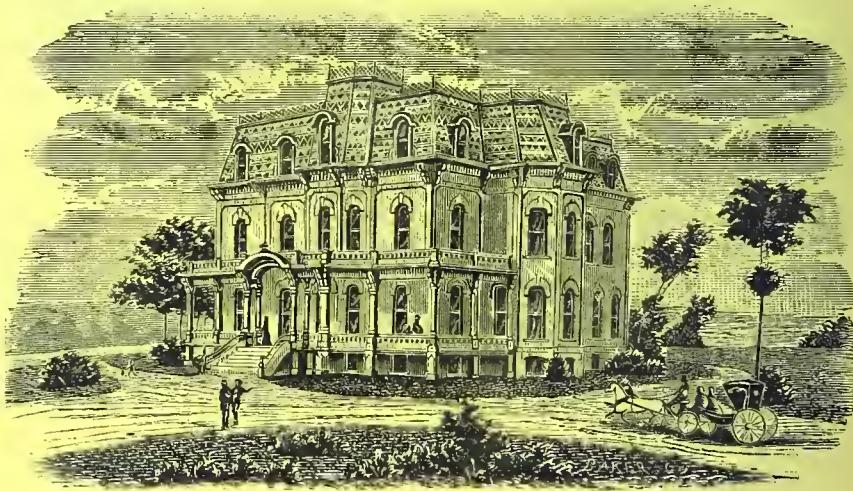
DR. S. B. COLLINS,

The Original Discoverer of the Only Known
Remedy and Antidote for the Habitual
use of Narcotic Poisons.

YOU WILL SAVE MONEY AND TIME BY SO DOING,

For the Cure is Certain, Thorough, Painless and Permanent.

Reward! For each and every Testi-
monial of Patient cured,
published in this Magazine, the original
manuscript of which---signed by the Pa-
tient---cannot be produced, Dr. Collins
binds himself to pay to any person mak-
ing such discovery, \$500.00.



DR. COLLINS' RESIDENCE.

THE MANSION WHEN COMPLETED,

WILL BE SO

Constructed and Arranged

AS TO ACCOMMODATE SUCH PATIENTS

AS MAY DESIRE

To be under the Immediate Supervision  Doctor.